

No. 113.—Vol. IX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Tost, 6½d.



THE LATE MRS. GERMAN REED. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

LADIES AT FOOTBALL.

There was an astonishing sight in the neighbourhood of the Nightingale Lane Ground, Crouch End, on Saturday afternoon. Crouch End itself rubbed its eyes and pinched its arms. The intelligent foreigner might have been excused for imagining some State function was taking place—a Drawing-Room, for instance. All through the afternoon train-loads of excited people journeyed over from all parts, and the respectable array of carriages, cabs, and other vehicles marked a record in the history of Football. Yet all that this huge throng of ten thousand had gathered to see was the opening match of the British Ladies' Football Club.

Let me at once say that, viewed from the athletic standpoint, the whole affair was a huge farce. It will be remembered that the idea of woman taking up a sport essentially designed for man originated in the brain of Miss N. J. Honeyball. This young lady, some four or five

Altogether, the "game" lasted sixty minutes, and in the end the North were adjudged victorious by seven goals to one, the majority of the points being registered by the goal-keeper on the losing side. It would be idle to attempt any description of the play. The first few minutes were sufficient to show that football by women, if the British Ladies be taken as a criterion, is totally out of the question. A footballer requires speed, judgment, skill, and pluck. Not one of these four qualities was apparent on Saturday. For the most part, the ladies wandered aimlessly over the field at an ungraceful jog-trot. A smaller ball than usual was utilised, but the strongest among them could propel it no further than a few yards. The most elementary rules of the game were unknown, and the referee, Mr. C. Squires, spent a most agonising time. The general condemnation, or rather regret, however, must be qualified in the cases of two of the players. The lady who acted as custodian for the North had come all the way from Glasgow, and, everything considered, made a creditable display. Indeed, she did all that it is possible

Miss Lynn.

Miss Honeyball.

Miss Williams.

Miss Edwards.

Miss Ide.



Miss Coupland.

Miss Fenn.

Miss Gilbert.

Miss Smith

Miss Thiere.

Miss Biggs.

THE LADY FOOTBALLERS: NORTH TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMMONS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

months ago, set about the task of organising a feminine team, and so far succeeded that not alone did about thirty ladies join, but Lady Florence Dixie consented to act as president to the club. Since that time, steady practice twice a week had been undergone, and, after one or two postponements, the initial public appearance was fixed for Saturday last.

It was nearly a quarter to five when the match began, and at this time the scene on the ground was unprecedented. The sides were respectively styled. North, and South, and they certainly made a postty.

It was nearly a quarter to five when the match began, and at this time the scene on the ground was unprecedented. The sides were respectively styled North and South, and they certainly made a pretty picture—the former in bright red, the latter in quartered blue, with knickerbockers or divided skirts of a dark material. This, however, is all that can be said in favour of the members of the British Ladies' Football Club. As exponents of the popular winter pastime they had not the slightest qualification to take the field. I do not wish to appear uncharitable, but candour compels the statement that the experiment is scarcely likely to be repeated. Indeed, had not the spectators been of the most good-humoured description, it is possible something decidedly unpleasant would have occurred. As it was, the efforts of the performers were watched with supreme pity, and the exodus began before the affair was half-way through.

for a woman to do, and really hearty applause greeted her neat punts and cool punches. For the day she adopted the *nom de guerre* of "Mrs. Graham." The other player was a Miss Potter, a tiny girl who, on the left-wing for the winners, performed prodigies of valour. Of the rest it were chivalrous to preserve silence.

Let not the British Ladies misconstrue the enormous attendance into a sign of public approval. These people had attended purely out of curiosity. Now that the novelty has worn off—its only charm—it would not attract tens where on Saturday it drew thousands. It must be clear to everybody that girls are totally unfitted for the rough work of the football-field. As a means of exercise in a back-garden it is not to be commended; as a public entertainment it is to be deplored. S. D. B.

Messrs. Cassell have begun to issue another fiction series, something after the form of the "Pseudonym Library," and Mr. Max Pemberton is the editor. The first specimen, "A King's Diary," is by Mr. Percy White, who wrote the very clever satire "Mr. Bailey-Martin." But here Mr. White has hardly given of his best.

"THE BLUE BOAR," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

There is something pathetic in the plight of a dramatist when he discovers that the subject whose charms have lured him on to write a play is hardly large enough for the scale on which he is compelled to work. One can imagine the horror of Mr. Louis N. Parker and his collaborateur when, after finishing the neat, ingenious, first act of "The Blue Boar," they found that, although only a third of the journey had been accomplished, they had used nearly all their matter, and that really they ought to bring the piece to an end in the second act.

The fashion which requires farces and farcical comedies to be in three instead of two acts has cost the dramatic world hundreds of thousands of pounds. Nine farcical subjects out of ten, like that of "The Blue Boar," in reality consist of one act, in which the knot is tied, and a second in which it is unloosed, or cut, somehow or other, idea of the friendly dæmon was topical, this business might have been relatively amusing, but now it falls flat. However, despite clumsiness of construction and the stupidity of some episodes, such as that in which the strong-minded woman-doctor faints at the sight of a few drops of blood, the play reaches a fairly high level of merit.

blood, the play reaches a fairly high level of merit.

That "The Blue Boar" is amusing is mainly due to one character, that of Cyrus Strawthwaite, a rather elever variant on the stock comic poet. In him is a sharp hit at the gentlemen of long hair and limited editions. One has seen many versions of Cyrus—one so lately as in "Thorough-bred," at Toole's Theatre—but there is a pleasant personal note in the complacent egoist who is wooing the pretty barmaid, for whom he composes quaint janglings of rhymes. Mr. Harcourt Beatty played the part admirably. He contrived a comic yearning look in his face and tone in his voice, had a knack of flabby posture, and used his hands with wonderful effect. The gift of making the hands eloquent is rare on our stage, so rare that one hardly expects it, consequently the

Miss Hicks. Miss Clarke.

Miss A. Hicks.

Miss Edwards.

Miss Clarence.



Miss Lewis. Miss Roberts. Miss Ellis.

Miss Lewis. Miss Fenn.

THE LADY FOOTBALLERS: SOUTH TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMMONS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

Consequently, in most cases, when dragged into three acts, one has a second that is weak because the dramatist is forcing in irrelevant side-issues in order to postpone the dénouement; or a third act which falls flat, since the murder is out in the second, and there remains only the lame sequelæ of the real play: it is a sort of "resurrection-pie" act. Sometimes, indeed, a playwright finds a three-act subject, but they are very rare. Skilful, daring writers get round the difficulty by spreading the development over two acts, and run the risk of making the first act rather empty and thin as regards intrigue, relying upon wit and character-drawing to make it pass. Mindful of the fact that a successful farce must be a sustained crescendo as far as plot is concerned, they start pianissimo, do not get beyond mezzo-forte in the first act, and only reach fortissimo about a quarter of an hour before the end of the play.

Unfortunately, the authors of the new piece have not been skilful or daring in construction; they reach their f at the end of the first act, and never get beyond simple forte during the rest of the play. The spiritualistic machinery which they employ to eke out the play is not very ingenious nor effective, though it is admirably acted by Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. Harcourt Beatty. At the time when Mr. Stead's revival of the

greater the pleasure in seeing an actor really adept in prestidigital movements. Mr. Edward Terry was very funny as the innocent bigamist, and saved a dangerous spiritualistic scene, during which the house showed signs of impatience, by a notable piece of comical earnestness. Miss Alexes Leighton was quite an ideal fair, plump, and forty landlady, and gave a charming performance.

For once, that brilliant actress, Miss Fanny Brough, was not very

For once, that brilliant actress, Miss Fanny Brough, was not very amusing; her part as the strong-minded woman who wears a hybrid dress is not funny in itself—in fact, gives nothing but an effective entrance. Mr. George Belmore's heavy, noisy acting injuriously affected the piece, to which Miss Madge McIntosh gave no little aid by clever, lively work as a barmaid.

MONOCLE.

A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE.

Tom: "Well, anyway, all the old bachelors say they are glad they never married."

KITTY (scornfully): "Much they know about it! Did you ever hear any man who had a nice little wife say he was glad he never married?"—Life.



THE LATE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER. BORN MARCH 30, 1864; MARRIED JAN. 17, 1884; DIED AT MENTONE, MARCH 19, 1895. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

TWO NEW EDITORS.

This week sees two important changes in the personnel of our leading London journals—the appointment of Mr. H. W. Massingham to succeed Mr. A. E. Fletcher in the editorship of the Daily Chronicle, and of Mr. W. A. Locker to succeed the late Mr. Moore as editor of the Morning Post.

Mr. Massingham has achieved a very swift ascent to one of the highest positions that English journalism can offer. Born in Norwich



Photo by Mussell and Sons, Baker Street, W. MR. HENRY WILLIAM MASSINGHAM.

some thirty-five years ago, he was a brilliant pupil at the Norwich Grammar School at a time when Dr. Jessopp was its headmaster. A shareholder, by inheritance, in the valuable newspaper property known as the Norfolk News Company, he commenced life as one of the sub-editors of the Eastern Daily Press, which then, as now, was under the kindly and judicious editorship of Mr. James Spilling. Anxious for a wider



Thoto by Lafayette, Dublin.

MR. W. ALGERNON LOCKER.

career, Mr. Massingham came to London some ten years ago, acting as the London correspondent of the Norfolk News. He then became associated with the National Press Agency, and afterwards with the Star, which, it will be in the memory of all, had, in its beginnings, Mr. Massingham as its assistant-editor, under the chieftainship of

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Mr. Massingham's later connection with the Daily Chronicle, as assistant-editor and as the writer of the brilliant articles "From the Parliamentary Gallery," has culminated in his present occupancy of the editorial chair. The position is one which gives splendid opportunities for an individuality so striking and a temperament so hopeful of the future of social progress. We do not doubt for one moment but that Mr. Massingham will amply justify the choice of the proprietors in his conduct of the great interests which have been entrusted to his charge. The assistant-editor of the *Chronicle* under the new *régime* will be Mr. Henry Norman, the author of the remarkable book on the Far East reviewed elsewhere in this issue of The Sketch.

Mr. Locker commences under equally auspicious conditions to guide a paper which appeals, perhaps, to an opposite class to that which Mr. Massingham is to influence. He is the second son of Mr. Arthur Locker, who for twenty years—practically from its beginnings—guided the literary destiny of the *Graphic*; and he is the nephew of Mr. Locker Lampson, who is well known to all of us as a charming writer of society verse and as the owner of a famous library. He was educated at Charterhouse and at Merton College, Oxford, of which college, by the way, Mr. Massingham's brother was a Fellow. He took his degree in 1886, in which year he joined the literary staff of the *Globe* as editor of the "By the Way" column. In 1889 he became assistant-editor of the *Graphic* under his father, but two years later returned to the *Globe* in the capacity of editor. the capacity of editor.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One of the most delightful among recent anthologies is Mr. W. B. Yeats's book of Irish verse. Mr. Yeats is one of the sweetest and truest of living poets, and he has filled this book with musical verse. His own judgment is fearlessly exercised throughout, and the result is surprisingly fresh and attractive. The Irish poets are represented, from Oliver Goldsmith to Dora Sigerson, and a certain quality—due, perhaps, partly to the selector—seems to be shared by all. Mr. Yeats has rendered a true service to the lovers of Irish literature, and, indeed, to all lovers of

F. F. Montrésor is a new name to me in fiction, but it is attached to one of the most remarkable of recent novels. Of stories like "Into the Highways and the Hedges" (Hutchinson) there are never too many, and to-day there is an uncommon dearth of them. I suppose it comes under the head of the religious novel, but so many objectionable specimens are grouped under that name that it seems doing it an injustice to call it so. Pagans will be fully as much touched as Christians by its spirit, which is in no way sectarian. That it is good to have an ideal, eyen if it coexist with narrow beliefs, and good to fight for it to the death, and that the fighters are the salt of the earth, is its stalwart message.

Here we have the moral novel at its best-human, manly, sensible of men's frailty, humorous, and with a respect for the English language too. There would be less hankering after strange, unwholesome foods if there were more of this kind procurable. Not that it is solid, stodgy bread for a plain family's consumption—on the contrary, it will be superfine for many tastes. Its originality and its idealism take it out of the ranks of merely comfortable fiction. Though cleverer books are with us in plenty, I have not read anything lately that has roused in me heartier respect than this story of the fine lady who made the great mistake of marrying, without love, the rough preacher Barnabas Thorpe, and who lived-not to repent it.

Miss Probyn's first poems appeared more than ten years ago, I believe. Some of them are republished in her new volume "Pansies," which Mr. Elkin Mathews has just issued. It is a slim volume, but it is rare in quality. She is no mere pretty verse-maker; her spontaneity and originality are beyond question, and, so far as colour and picturesqueness go, only Mr. Francis Thompson rivals her among the rather numerous English Catholic poets of to-day.

The ballad that opens the volume has, perhaps, no quite worthy follower; but to have written one such poem is a great achievement. The subject is a warning, or rather, an invitation, to martyrdom, given to a maid who is sewing her wedding-garment. She bids the messenger begone, for she must haste to finish her glad task, and she will not go with him, for that would be to dig her mother's grave. But he says he comes from the Bridegroom, and at last she consents joyfully.

"Oh! 'tis He for wedding with Whom, This white web doth fill my loom. Say quickly, of thy grace, Where is the meeting-place?"

"Maid, where the lions roar
On the blood-deluged floor,
And the torment waiteth thee—
There thou must go with me."

Readers of the "Vicomte do Bragelonne" will turn to the poem that sings of the latter end of the lady of the Vicomte's heart, who preferred the King's unstable love, Louise de la Vallière, "Sœur Louise de la Dumas gives the first and second acts; here is the last-Miséricorde."

Scourge, and cilice, and feet unshod, And Office, and fast, and the love of God.

Chimes . . . and the long night going its way Till the next chime bringeth another day.

THE "STANDARD" NEWSPAPER.

Mr. T. H. S. Escott replies to Captain Hamber's note on this subject as follows-

Mr. T. H. S. Escott replies to Captain Hamber's note on this subject as follows—

In a seaside lodging, with the better part of my time given to various medical treatments for the removal, D.V., of a physical infirmity, which my bodily health's failure, from twenty years of overwork, left behind it, I do not see the newspapers with my normal regularity, and have, therefore, only just observed the animadversions of my valued friend and former chief, Captain Hamber, on my reminiscences of the great journal which, as in my original article I, said, he edited with such ability and spirit during fourteen years. His "correction" of my "mistakes" involves itself one or two inaccuracies which your regard for justice and courtesy will suffer me to emend.

The retirement of Captain Hamber from Shoe Lane, in 1873, left Mr. Johnstone, the Standard's proprietor, free to entrust the political supervision of the paper to an official representative of the Tory Party, whom, in the person of, I think, the late Mr. Ralph Earle, Captain Hamber from Shoe Lane, in 1870 had succeeded Mr. Spofforth as Conservative manager, was the gentleman selected by Mr. Johnstone for that not very thaukworthy office. I did not mention this fact because my little paper was one of personal reminiscences, and, though I possess an ancient and amicable acquaintance with Sir J. E. Gorst, I was never brought into personal relations with him in his capacity of political adviser of the Standard newspaper, nor did I ever behold him in the flesh on the Shoe Lane premises.

Captain Hamber perpetrates a slight anachronism in speaking as if Mr. Gorst's connection with the paper subsisted after the personal difference between Mr. Johnstone and his son. As a matter of fact, it had been terminated a year or so before this family rupture occurred.

With reference to my former editor when he was a candidate for the office vacated by the death of the late Colonel A. B. Richards, I wrote it at the time with much deference, from a consciousness of Captain Hamber's very

A CHAT WITH A LADY HOUSE-AGENT.

A house-agent's business, started and managed entirely by a woman, seemed to me something of a novelty; so, ever on the look-out for anything new, on a Monday afternoon I found my way to one of the handsome private houses in Ladbroke Gardens, and inquired for Miss Etta Nauen. There was nothing angular in the contract of Etta Nauen. There was nothing suggestive of the ordinary business establishment about the trim parlourmaid in cap and apron who showed me into a cosy room at the back of the house which serves as office. But one glance at the bright, dark-eyed little lady, who rose to greet me from behind her writing-table, covered with folios and books of reference, convinced me that, though her surroundings were not those of the conventional house-agent, it was a business woman with whom I had to do. I opened the campaign by inquiring how long Miss Nauen had been in business.

"Since March last year."

"In so short a time I suppose it is too early to ask if you are satisfied with your progress?"

"No, I do not think so. Of course, initial expenses are very heavy, especially printing and postage; but no business is started without expenditure of capital, and I am quite content with my success up to the present time."

"Do you advertise much?"

"Not so much as at the beginning. At first, I put notices in most of the country papers, and sent circulars to all the country rectories and vicarages, so that I might find out what accommodation pretty rural and seaside places could offer. But neither venture was of much good."
"Do you mind telling me why?"

"Well, I hardly know, except that, in the first case, country people do not seem to read the advertisements of their country papers. In the second, the clergy sent me ample particulars of their houses, but my elients so often object to furnished rectories, and prefer anything else."

"But what made you think of such an unusual employment? "It was suggested to me by a City man, who always spends the summer months in some pretty spot, sufficiently remote to be countrified, and yet near enough to town to enable him to run up three or four times a week. He made no restrictions as to locality or terms, yet found so much difficulty in meeting with what he required that he proposed someone should come to the rescue of those wishing to rent furnished houses."

"And you are that someone?"

"Yes, I am. Furnished houses, as you will have gathered, are my spécialité. The ordinary house-agent hardly finds it worth his while to take much trouble over such a small matter as letting a furnished cottage, say, for a couple of months. The result is that clients are constantly being annoyed by finding that, even among the few 'orders to view' given them, some of the houses are still occupied, some are not to let, and others are quite unsuitable. This annoyance I try to avoid by carefully ascertaining, before I give orders, if the property has been disposed of through other agencies."

"Do you inspect personally, Miss Nauen?"

"Yes, when desired and practicable; but I have over four hundred houses and apartments on my books, and many are in Scotland and Wales."

"So you include apartments as well?"

"Oh, yes; but I make a point of never recommending any unless I can obtain a reference from a recent occupant."

"And your terms are the usual ones, I suppose?"

"The same as other agents', except in the case of apartments, and then I charge a small fee for entering the name upon the books, and another, a trifle more, when an arrangement is completed."

"Do you find it difficult to enforce this charge?"

"Sometimes, and I cannot help seeing that there is something to be said on the side of the landlady who is asked to put down half-a-crown and have her name entered on a book which, as far as she knows, may never exist. You see, she has no power of knowing I am not a swindler."

"Then what do you do?"

"Enter the name, if I think it wiser, without the fee, and send the lodgers before I ask for anything."

"Do you get many funny letters?"

"Some are very droll. Here is one from a poor soul very anxious to let her house, because 'she has a heavy life insurance to pay, and to keep the kettle boiling.' Rather a strange combination! Another owner of a cottage writes that she can provide 'very comphordauble loggings,' the house being in the midst of 'hills and walleys,' and covered with 'onezsuckle.' '

"Are you the only lady house agent?"
"There is the Ladies' House Agency in London, and Miss Langley, of Reading, carries on the same business; but she confines herself solely to houses on the Thames. I think I am the only lady who, singlehanded, undertakes the letting of 'country, seaside, riverside, and London houses, flats and apartments,' to quote from my circular."

And then the parlourmaid brought in tea, and, after the manner of

women, we fell to talking of other topics.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW NOVELS.

GRANT ALLEN'S New Novel, "UNDER SEALED ORDERS."

3 vols., 15s. net; and at every Library.

"Like all that Mr. Allen writes, the book is packed full of knowledge of men and manners. . . . 'Under Sealed Orders' is a stirring story, full of moving incident and charming people one is glad to have met."—STAR.

A THIRD Edition of "A LONDON LEGEND," by JUSTIN H. McCARTHY,

is now ready, in 8 vols., at all Libraries.

"I shall be astonished if 'A London Legend' does not rank among the very successful books of the year. . . . Mr. McCarthy is to be congratulated upon it."—Sun.

CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Book, "MOUNT DESPAIR," is just ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece, 3s. 6d.

WALTER BESANT'S New Novel, "BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
"Since 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' Mr. Besant has given us no novel of such interest as 'Deyond the Dreams of Avarice."—Sketch.

NEW 3s. 6d. NOVELS.

VILLAGE TALES AND JUNGLE TRAGEDIES. By B. M. CROKER.

"An interesting and entertaining book, which will be heartly enjoyed by everyone who reads it."-

"An interesting and entertaining cook, which was been as SCOTSMAN.

THE WHITE VIRGIN. By G. MANVILLE FENN.

"Capitally imagined and portrayed."—St. Janes's Gazette.

JACK DOYLE'S DAUGHTER. By R. E. FRANCILLON.

"The story is bright and amusing. It is, in fact, a racy book."—Leeds Mercury.

A DAUGHTER OF TO-DAY. By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

"Quite one of the cleverest novels we have read this season."—Daily Cheonicle.

THE PHANTOM DEATH. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

"There is not one story which is not entertaining, and many are positively thrilling."—Sun.

THE MINOR CHORD. By J. MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

"Has an air of simple reality which suggests either a close study of actual life or a faculty not unworthy of Defoe."—Speaker.

"Has an air of simple reality which suggests either a close study of authority of Defoc." Speaker.

MADAME SANS-GENE. By E. LEPELLETIER.

"A good story. . . In this dead season of romance, 'Madame Sans-Gêne' is about the safest name to write in a library list."—Sketch.

ORCHARD DAMEREL, By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

"The characters are like living persons. . . . It is a thoroughly enjoyable story."—Scotsman.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By L. T. MEADE.

"It is refreshing to come upon such an out-and-out good novel of the romantic type,"—Lady's Pictorial.

PICTORIAL.

DOROTHY'S DOUBLE. By G. A. HENTY.

"A curious as well as a clever study."—MORNING POST.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

The London County Council and the Empire Promenade.

A RADICAL COUNCILLOR'S VIEW; BEING A SPEECH DELIVERED BY H. H. HO JD BARRS, LL.B. (Lond.), L.C.C., one of the Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Chairman of the Fair Wages Committee, and Vice-Chairman of the Improvements Committee of the London County Council; TOGETHER WITH A LETTER TO MRS. ORMISTON CHANT AND HER REPLY.

PEWTRESS and CO., 28, Little Queen Street, High Holborn, W.C.

HAYMARKET.—MR. WALLER and MR. MORELL, Managers.

at 8.30. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

Box Office (Mr. Leverton), 10 till 5. Sole Lessee, MR. TREE.

HAYMARKET.

EMPIRE THEATRE. — TWO GRAND BALLETS. — LA Entertainment. Doors open at 7.30.

NIAGARA HALL, ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION.

REAL ICE SKATING.

Ice always in perfect condition.

Daily, 9.30 to 1, 3s.; 3 to 6, 5s.; 8 to 11.30, 3s.

Excellent Orchestra.

Open All Day.

OLYMPIA. OLYMPIA.

Open 12 to 11 p.m., without interval. 2000 Tickets for numbered and reserved seats at 1s. (including admission to all Side Shows) on sale from 12 and 6 p.m. for Morning and Evening Performances respectively. In the event of these being sold, Promenade Tickets at 1s. are issued at once admitting to all Side Shows, but not to Grand Stage Spectacle. Tickets 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s., at the doors or in advance at all Box-Offices or Olympia. Children half-price to Morning Spectacle to seats above 1s. Covered Way from and to Addison Road Station. Oriental Warmth. 2500 Performers. The Grandest Show on Earth.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen will not return to Windsor until the second week in May, and her Majesty wishes to proceed to Balmoral on May 24, so that the Court functions at which she is to preside will have to follow each other very quickly. The Court Entertainments of the season at Buckingham Palace will consist of two State Balls and two State Concerts. The first concert and the first ball are to take place during the first fortnight of June, and the others will not be until July. Her Majesty will stay in Scotland until the week after Ascot, and, returning to Windsor for about three weeks, will remove to Osborne until the end of August, when the Court goes north again for three months.

Those who witnessed the arrival of the Queen at Nice were astonished to see how well she looked after her long and fatiguing journey. During her progress through the streets she bowed constantly to the crowds that lined the roadway, and appeared highly pleased at the reception she met with all along the route. It must be owned, however, that the chief interest of the public was centred in her Majesty's Indian Secretary, who, with an Oriental attendant in gorgeous apparel on the box-seat of his carriage, formed, indeed, a striking feature in the procession.

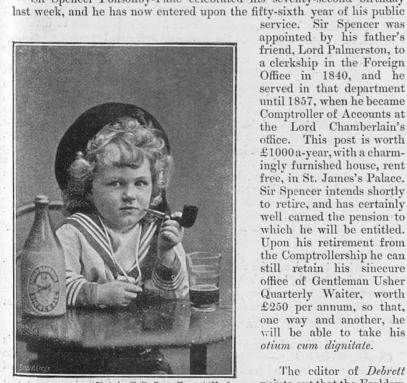
Lord Spencer left London last week for Nice, where he is to act as Minister to the Queen for the next few days. At the conclusion of his "wait," Lord Spencer will pay an official visit to Malta. The Admiralty yacht Surprise has been placed at his Lordship's disposal, and he will embark at Genoa when he leaves Nice.

The Queen has not yet fixed the dates of the May Drawing-Rooms, and a list of suitable days has been forwarded to her Majesty at Nice for approval. It is almost settled, however, that the first Drawing-Room will be held on May 8. No dates will as yet be selected for the State Balls and State Concerts, all of which are to be given, this year, after Whitsuntide.

There will not be a ball at Marlborough House this season, but the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to give a Garden-Party early in July, at which the Queen will probably be present.

The Prince of Wales will spend a few days in Paris, putting up at the Hôtel Bristol, on his way back from the Riviera. The Princess of Wales has abandoned her projected trip to the Continent, and will spend the Easter holidays at Sandringham. She is not expected to return to Marlborough House until the first week in April, when the Prince is coming back from the South of France. The Princess intends leaving England early in the summer on a long visit to the King and Queen of Denmark, and at the end of July there is to be a great family gathering at Copenhagen, including the Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of the Hellenes, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane celebrated his seventy-second birthday



BEGINNING EARLY.

friend, Lord Palmerston, to a clerkship in the Foreign Office in 1840, and he served in that department until 1857, when he became Comptroller of Accounts at the Lord Chamberlain's office. This post is worth £1000 a-year, with a charmingly furnished house, rent free, in St. James's Palace. Sir Spencer intends shortly to retire, and has certainly well earned the pension to which he will be entitled. Upon his retirement from the Comptrollership he can still retain his sinecure office of Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter, worth £250 per annum, so that, one way and another, he will be able to take his otium cum dignitate.

The editor of Debrett points out that the Earldom of Cromartie has just been

and confirmed to (not conferred upon, as stated in last week's issue)
Lady Sibell Lilian Mackenzie. On the death of the late Earl, in
November, 1893, the title fell into abovenes between November, 1893, the title fell into abeyance between his two daughters and co-heiresses, under certain other limitations (unusual in the case of a modern United Kingdom peerage) over and above those mentioned in our notice. The abeyance has now been terminated in favour of the elder daughter.

The young Countess has been more or less a country-mouse up to the present, and spends most of her time at Tarbat with her mother, Lilian Lady Cromartie. But her advent in town this season, and certain success in Society, may be counted on; for, besides all outdoor accomplishments, in which she is proficient, she has the classic first letter of recommendation in her appearance, and a charming manner to boot.

The Marquis of Lorne has finished the libretto of the opera of which Mr. Hamish McCunn is to write the music. The story is the Scotch version of Lancelot and Guinevere, and tells how Diarmid, made irresistibly fascinating by the gods, won the love of his sovereign's consort. By the way, the Scotch, omnivorous as usual, claim the whole of the Arthurian legends. They have the tomb of Guinevere at Meigle, in Perthshire; and there is an agreeable tradition that any woman who incautiously touches the tomb will be childless. A Scotch correspondent of the Globe says there can be no doubt that Arthur was King of Strathclyde. Are we pigeon-livered, we Southrons, and do we lack gall? Will Cornwall and Somerset submit supinely to this Caledonian usurpation of their Arthurian romance?

Miss Rosa Leo's Vocal Recital, which took place at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday, March 19, was all the success it promised to be. Miss Leo was assisted by the admirable artist Mr. David Bispham, who

sang in his best manner. The chief qualityrare enough, in all conscience—which distinguishes Miss Leo's vocal work is its intensely dramatic power. She is far more of an actor-singer than a pure vocalist. And in her demonstration of this fact, the songs she chose admirably aided and abetted her. She was particularly successful, in this respect, in two of Massenet's songs, "Les Femmes de Magdala" and "Ballade Aragonaise," two little compositions which require quite distinct and various manners for their proper delivery. Miss Leo distinguished so nicely between these two manners that we should seriously counsel her to turn her thoughts to the subject of opera. Her voice is powerful. From the slight indi-



Photo by J. Symmonds, Llandud

MISS ROSA LEO.

cations of bodily gesture which she afforded us, we should suppose her to have the acting temperament; and she has both instinct and intelligence. So much, at least, her little concert of Tuesday demonstrated. She was also assisted by Miss Mabel Chaplin, on the 'cello.

Under the auspices of the International Society of Wood Engravers, a very interesting exhibition was held for a brief week at the Stationers' Hall during the middle of the present month. The delights of a free admission were enhanced by the presentation of a catalogue enriched with a design by Walter Crane, while, judging from the great interest manifested by spectators, these exhibitions will be successfully repeated. This is as it should be. The necessity for rapid output may have reasonably rendered other methods of reproduction desirable from the point of view of illustrated journalism, but wood-engraving is a craft that produces much that is beautiful, and claims the serious attention and patronage of the public at large. The recent exhibition owed much of its success to Messrs. Cassell and Co., and to the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, *Graphic*, and *Pall Mall Magazine*, from whose papers numerous engravings were lent. It is too late in the day to record impressions of particular work, or to indulge in any lengthy criticism; but it is not too late to say that the work exhibited was, in many cases, faultlessly beautiful, and exhibited a richness in tone and line that evinced the cultured taste and delicate feeling of the authors. Some very fine specimens of the wood-engraver's work were in the rooms, but not in the catalogue. The headquarters of the Society of Wood Engravers are at the Mitre Hotel, while the President is Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I., of Graphic fame.

It is more than a year since the publication of "A Superfluous Woman," and a new one-volume novel, entitled "Transition," by the same author, is published by Mr. Heinemann this week. The book has been written, it is believed, with the purpose of giving a more exact and intimate account of the workings of the minds and methods of the Socialists. A sketch is introduced of one of the most rising men in London in the earlier days of his advance in public life.

I was recently walking through the garden of a friend of mine who has the horticultural hobby very badly, and he showed be a lot of forcing-frames. I noticed that the glass was dim, and, on closer inspection, I found that every pane bore the features of some distinguished personage or another. Now it was a politician, now a peer, now a Society beauty, now a popular actress. There they all were, gazing on the blue sky above and on some promising tomatoes below. I discovered that the panes were photographic transparencies, which my friend got from a studio in town. The sight tickled my fancy in this wise—

When Julius Cæsar passed away
Beyond this earthly goal,
'Twas said the Imperator's clay
Was fit to stop a hole.
The fact we must
Return to dust,
A humble mind produces;
Herein you see
Why man should be
Condemned to such base uses.
And yet the great don't need to wait
Until their life is spent
Before they come to such a fate
(Though not to patch a rent),
How oft a seer,
A Prince or Peer,
Adorns a hatter's poster;
I've even seen
Our gracious Queen
Carved on a coaling coaster!
How often common things obtain
From mighty names a boom—
Thus: "Blucher" boots, an "Albert" chain,
A "Gladstone" bag, a "Brougham."
But what is fame
On a forcing-frame
Which rears the young tomato,
Unless one sees
Events like these
As honour's obligato?

What has become of the two- and five-pound pieces that were put into circulation at the time of the Jubilee? Who sees them, who uses them—who has any of them to give away? The question arose the other evening in the smoking-room of a certain club, and a dozen of us produced all the money we had about us, and examined the dates and style. Roughly speaking, one-third of the coins were of date anterior to the Jubilee; there were nearly half-a-dozen silver pieces issued in the reign of different Georges, while no man carried any bigger silver piece than a half-crown, or larger gold piece than a sovereign. Of course, ours was a chance meeting, and it was a chance question; but, taking it to represent average custom and opinion of average men of the world, it would appear that the custom of carrying four- and five-shilling pieces, together with two- and five-pound pieces, is neither honoured in the breech, nor the observance, nor the sovereign-purse. Considering, also, how much the value of large coins is depreciated by constant wear and tear, it is quite likely they will be ultimately withdrawn from circulation. Moi-même, I shall be glad to hear of the withdrawal, for, to my mind, there is but one thing more awkward than large, unwieldy coins. The cne thing, of course, is the entire absence of coins of any sort.

A correspondent of the Jewish Chronicle recently sent to that journal an interesting account of the Feast of Purim, in Mogador. This feast is an annual Jewish institution, designed to celebrate the deliverance of the ancient race from the designs of Haman, as recorded in the Book of Esther. In the synagogues this book is read on the evening of the holiday, and the correspondent of the Jewish Chronicle describes the ceremony as follows—

On the eve of Purim small candles are distributed among the worshippers in the synagogues, by means of which they may the more conveniently read the Megilla (scroll on which the Book of Esther is written). Whenever the name of Haman is called by the Reader, little boys outside fire crackers or other explosive articles, while their more sedate brethren inside only give an occasional kick to the form on which they sit. When the Chazan, at a galloping pace, goes through the names of Haman's ten hateful sons, more lively sympathy is generally shown in these hostile manifestations; but when the Megilla is finished, and the subsequent blessings and curses are arrived at, the whole congregation participates. The scrolls are quickly rolled up, and everyone prepares for action. "Blessed be Mordecai!" calls out the Reader. Murmuring approbation. "Cursed be Haman!" continues the Reader. Then a deafening noise—for some moments the din is fearful—boots kicking, feet stamping, while the scroll-handles, energetically manipulated by their owners, are beaten up and down with fearful rapidity on the arms of the forms, as though they were so many pistons at work. The Chazan, having judged it fair time for the wreaking of their vengeance, calls out at the top of his voice, high above the uprour, "Blessed be Esther!" Murmuring approbation again. This performance is again gone through on the morrow in precisely the same fashion. Decidedly, the memory of Haman is not neglected in Mogador.

One is not inclined to be grateful to the influenza for anything; but let us give the devil his due when possible, and I must confess that, thanks to this abominable complaint, which seems, among other evil attributes, to rob its victims of their proper share of sleep, I enjoyed a most excellent view of the eclipse of the moon the other Sunday night, or rather, Monday morning. The sky was most admirably arranged for the show, being perfectly cloudless when the eclipse was first turned on, about 1.30 a.m., and the whole business was most enjoyable, even without a telescope, which is not, unfortunately, one of the necessities of a sick-room. It was really a perfect night, and, when the Queen of the Heavens was thoroughly eclipsed, the stars shone with wonderful

brilliance. My view was shared by a constable in the street below (the only other star-gazer I saw), and he seemed remarkably interested, and made notes in his pocket-book. Whether he was a member of the Royal Astronomical Society, or whether he thought the affair mysterious, and one to be reported to his Superintendent, I have not yet been able to discover.

At Westminster Abbey the other afternoon—where, by the way, it is rather a habit of mine to spend an occasional half-hour—I heard a little conversation that edified me immensely. Two middle-aged females were evidently "doing" the Abbey, one an unmistakable countrywoman, the other as unmistakable a Cockney, who did the honours of the glorious fane. The country cousin longed for more worlds to conquer, in the way of places to be seen, and being, I suppose, in a mood for "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults," suggested an immediate pilgrimage to St. Paul's. "Oh, it ain't worth yer while goin' there," replied her friend; "it's exac'ly like this, only there ain't so many moniments." Whether this criticism was the result of artfulness or ignorance I am not sure, but I gathered that it was effectual, and I saw the ladies depart in a 'bus which was not going Citywards.

Once again there is, I hear, some talk of removing the Britannia training-ship, on the picturesque river Dart, and building, in her place, a college ashore. The cause of the present outery is the illness of some of the cadets; and I can imagine that the position of the vessel, the number of years during which she has remained in her present position, and the difficulty there is with regard to ventilation aboard, make the Britannia something less than ideally healthy. From a sentimental point of view, the removal of the ship, where so many of our naval officers have commenced their training, would, doubtless, be a loss, though, if I remember rightly, the present vessel is not the original Britannia. It will be remembered that the Duke of York and the late Duke of Clarence were both at Dartmouth, where, by the way, I believe they rejoiced in the sobriquets of "Herring" and "Sprat."

The bicycling lady, and I use the noun advisedly, is no longer an untoward pilgrim in the land. At Queen's Club, Albert Palace, or even the sylvan retirement of Battersea Park, one sees the slowly emerging chrysalis take the courage of her costume in both—hands. Quite a pretty bicycle-dress can be made knickerbocker fashion in the new unbleached whipcord, which goes so well with white leather belt, gloves, and soft white felt hat, Homburg shape. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg and Lady Terence Blackwood have popularised the style in Paris, and I have already seen a whipcord knickerbocker worn with much effect at the first-named rendezvous of wheelwomen in town.

There is nothing new under the sun, most of all in the matter of news; otherwise I could tell my readers of a curious little coterie which assembles at the houses of its different dozen or more members once a week in order to enjoy the quiet delights of opium-smoking. The privileged persons are all quite unexceptionably smart—so much so, that, in railway parlance, they may perhaps want "slowing down." Be that as it may, however, these votaries of a new experience say the sensation is most enjoyable—all the more as their husbands are profoundly ignorant of the pastime. Women, of course, have never been known to divulge a secret, but, meanwhile, should the husbands find out, I wonder what they would do—and say!

Simplicity is one of the successful virtues, beyond a doubt. And, if you are only direct enough and explicit in stating your views to humanity, humanity, being a little obtuse, and, on that account, impressionable, will probably accept and forward them. Witness the case of a self-possessed Maltese cat, who is now on her way round the world, through her owner's bet. A label is attached to Pussy's collar, stating where she came on board viâ her trip round the world, requesting that care be taken of her small self, and that she be deposited at such a point of the journey. Here, through arrangements with friends, she is again passed on by road, rail, or steamer, without the expenditure of a penny. On dit, there is a very considerable wager on the finish of the feline event. A principal condition is that the cat gets free passage everywhere, which has been, so far, accomplished, Kitty having arrived safely in New York.

Varied, indeed, are the uses of advertisement. I read in a class-paper a delightful "ad.," headed "Bachelors' Garments," in which a lady offers to "mend gentlemen's underwear on reasonable terms." The advertiser evidently knows something of human nature, or she would not address her communication to bachelors exclusively.

The service in memory of Mr. Corney Grain was held in St. Andrew's Church, Wells Street—only two minutes' walk from St. George's Hall—on Thursday morning, and was attended by hundreds. The Archdeacon of London, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. A. J. Caldicott, Mr. Arthur Law, and many others were present as a last tribute of respect. The service was very impressive, and the brief address by the Rector, who was a personal friend of Mr. Corney Grain, was exceedingly worthy of the sad occasion. Then, while the notes of Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" throbbed through the crowded church, the coffin, covered with white wreaths, was borne to the hearse, which conveyed it to Teddington, where all that was mortal of Corney Grain was laid to rest. The same day Mrs. German Reed was buried by the side of her husband at Mortlake.

I should hardly suppose that the general public, with whom Mr. Grain was so popular, imagined for a moment that the clever musical sketchist was, in his serious moods, a devotee of Richard Wagner. Yet such was the case; and the very last time that I saw him

had both left our places between Acts I. and II., and both returned at the same moment, and that moment was about thirty seconds later than it should have been. As the burly form stumbled in front of me, between the rows of chairs in this "twilight of the gods," I heard him



THE LATE MRS. GERMAN REED (née PRISCILLA HORTON), circa 1840.

Drawn by J. Brandard for the Horton Quadrille.

out of an entertainment was in the stalls at Drury Lane, when a German company and orchestra gave admirable expression to the great "Meister's" "Tristan und Isolde." The fact is impressed on my memory by a little incident that occurred. Wagnerians, at any rate, will remember how the lights were lowered as each act began. Mr. Corney Grain and I

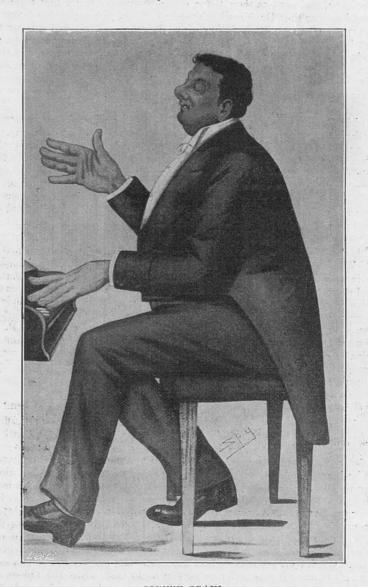


THE LATE MRS. GERMAN REED, circa 1878.

grumble, "Oh, if I had a match!" and, though I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, I could not resist replying. "Impossible, Mr. Grain; you haven't one in the wide world!" When the lights went up, he smiled his acknowledgments; so I have always hoped he was complimented and not offended by the freedom.



MR. GRAIN AS THE BEADLE, From a drawing by E. W. Mitchell.



CORNEY GRAIN.

Reproduced by permission from " l'anity Fair,"

Miss Sydney Fairbrother, who has been appearing as Mabel Chiltern in "The Ideal Husband" at the Haymarket Theatre during the whole period of Miss Maude



MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.

Millett's absence (through indisposition), comes of an old theatrical stock, being the daughter of the well-known provincial leading actress, Miss Florence Cowell, and granddaughter of the famous comic vocalist, Sam Cowell, a name still remembered by old playgoers. Miss Fairbrother educated in Germany, and began her professional career in the United States with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, with whom she toured, playing "general utility" parts, and parts, and understudying more important rôles, being called upon more than once to portray Felicity Gun-nion in "The Squire" and Lucy Franklin in "A Scrap of Paper." On the termination of this engagement she returned to England,

and joined Mr. and Mrs. Tapping's company, with whom she toured, playing the principal *ingenués*. By the way, "The Ideal Husband's" days are numbered, in consequence of the termination of Messrs. Waller and Morell's tenancy of the theatre.

The Boston Congregationalist contains an interesting article upon Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the well-known editor of the British Weekly, the Bookman, and not less than three other journals. From this article it would appear that Dr. Nicoll has really been no inconsiderable factor in the "boom" in Scottish fiction which has been so marked during the last few years. Much of Mr. J. M. Barrie's work was first brought out under his editorship; and I believe I am right in saying that, although Mr. Frederick Greenwood first, among London editors, published Mr. Barrie's beautiful studies, it was Dr. Nicoll who first associated their author's name with the work.

Mr. Crockett again, and, still later, Ian Maclaren, have been encouraged in their efforts by Dr. Nicoll's editorial insight. Further than this, the Congregationalist claims that it was at Dr. Nicoll's suggestion that Miss Jane Barlow first wrote her "Irish Idylls," and that he also first introduced Miss Mary Wilkins to English readers. After this I do not wonder that Dr. Nicoll declares that he feels he can be more useful in inducing others to write than in writing himself. "One book," however, he adds, "I should like to write—a biographical and critical history of the Victorian era of English literature," and for this he has accumulated much material.

When asked whether the need of religious journalism had diminished or increased, he replied: "Religious journalism will, I believe, be more and more required because the ordinary journalism is becoming more and more secular. The standpoint of the leading non-religious journals is no longer avowedly Christian. The Spectator is the only notable exception, but whether it will maintain its Christian character when Mr. R. H. Hutton is no longer in the editorial chair is doubtful. If religious journals tried to exclude literature and social questions, I believe they would gradually wither away, because the class to whom that kind of journal appeals is diminishing. Religious journals must more and more enlarge their scope and aim."

Perhaps the most interesting point in Dr. Nicoll's interview, from *The Sketch* standpoint, is his expression of opinion that the Christian Press will yet have to consider the drama. "It is," he says, "too great a force, and has too much hold upon the people the preacher addresses, to be ignored. The pleasant fiction that Church members do not go to the theatre can no longer be kept up."

When Viscountess Wolseley gave her fancy-dress ball in the Great Hall of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, last Thursday week, it was like the scene in "Ruddigore" when the wicked baronet's ancestors stepped out of their frames. The costumes worn by the ladies were nearly all after pictures by Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney, but the mere men contented themselves with Court-dress and hunting-costumes, though military uniforms were much in evidence. The ball was a great success, and was attended by the élite of Dublin society.

I have often thought what an interesting little book might be written about college magazines and their daring editors. Some of them, such for example, as Stevenson's, have become quite famous. Others deserve more notice than the passing glance of mere college readers. One of the smartest academic prints I have seen for some time is the *Brass Halo*, the organ of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and this none the less so that it comes, I hear, mainly from a hand which is equally skilful in prose and rhyme. The verses that struck me most are entitled "Quo Ruis?" The first stanza runs thus—

Year in, year out, new-comers fill
Granta's vainglorious fair;
New grist to everlasting mill,
And for life's toil prepare.
They come, the lords of tribute rents,
The sons of duke or mayor,
Then vanish, coming—God knows whence,
And going—God knows where.

There is an echo of Villon about this.

Hearty congratulations to the "New Boy" and to dainty "Miss Roach," that most self-possessed of school-girls, who delighted us all for so many nights at the Vaudeville. The marriage of Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Miss May Palfrey surprised even the intimate friends of the popular actor, so well had the secret been kept. The happy pair have, however, survived the shock they administered to their acquaintance, and at the time of writing are back again in the Metropolis, at an hotel not a hundred miles from Trafalgar Square. Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the bridegroom at his quaint old house in Canonbury will not expect to find their pleasure lessened by the addition of such a charming hostess to the establishment. The "Old House," as it is named, where Mr. Weedon Grossmith took up his abode some years ago (saying that folks who really liked him would not object to finding him out at unfashionable Islington), does not belie its name. It is really an old house, probably more than three centuries old, and, doubtless, once a part of the old monastery of which other portions still remain in the school that adjoins his residence. There are plenty of interesting bits in Mr. Grossmith's home, which has none of your London staircases, but is all on two floors. There are delightful ceilings and fireplaces, and, as for the mahogany doors, they are the admiration of the connoisseurs in old woodwork, and would be the despair of the jerry-builder if he happened (which is unlikely) to be a guest. Another great charm of Mr. Grossmith's delightful old residence is the garden (I suppose, part of



MISS MAY PALFREY AS NANCY ROACH.

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

the monastery grounds). It is, if I remember rightly, about one hundred and fifty feet long—good this for a crowded part of the great City—and it has a fish-pond, but this latter (tell it not in Gath!) was, I believe, a modern addition made by the genial proprietor himself. Long may Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith reign over the "Old House" at Canonbury, and shun the narrow attractions of a fashionable flat in the West-End!

LADY WOLSELEY'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.



"LORD MACARTNEY."



MISS MAUD CAMPBELL AS SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S HON. MRS. ELLIOTT.





MRS. BULLIN AS ROMNEY'S CATHERINE CLEMENTS. MISS DWYER GREY AS GAINSBOROUGH'S DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

"Diplomacy" is not an easy piece to play, but the Scarborough Dramatic Club have just produced it, with much success. The east was as follows—

Baron Stein (Mr. Gratton), Marquise de Rio Zares (Miss Shield), Lady Henry Fairfax (Mrs. Duncan McNeill), Julian Beauclere (Mr. Hope), Countess Zicka (Miss Hope), Henry Beauclere (Colonel Allardice), Algie Fairfax (Mr. Traherne), and Dora (Miss Robinson).

Herr Émil Sauer had reason to complain the other day of the sudden mingling of the muffin-bell with the strains of the piano. But it sometimes happens that an extraneous sound is an illustration and not an interruption. It seems to have escaped notice that on the first night of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," just as Mrs. Patrick Campbell was making up her mind to lead a religious life, the music of a Salvation Army band was faintly audible in the stillness of the theatre. What a theme this coincidence would make for the cloquence of General Booth. Possibly he is not an assiduous reader of The Sketch, but he ought to be grateful to me for the hint:

The romance of the stage-door is not yet dead. The other day, a distinguished actor received a letter begging him to allow the writer, a

Sir John Holker, who, to look at, was the last man in the world to suggest eloquence, filled the Duke of Norfolk with despair when he rose to address the court in a case in which the Duke was deeply interested. This heavy man with the wooden face was going to ruin everything. Presently Holker warmed with the subject, and the whole court was fascinated, while the Duke of Norfolk beamed with surprise and joy. "Yes," said one of Finlason's legal brethren; "very good, Finlason, my boy, but Holker wasn't in that case at all!" History does not say that the narrator forthwith shed his critic's blood, but the act would have been quite justifiable.

The great stage-mechanist, Carl Lautenschlager, is in England, and will, I believe, have something to do with the setting of the forthcoming ballet of "Faust" at the Empire. For some years electrician to the Court Theatre of Bavaria, Herr Lautenschlager's latest devices will, in the ordinary course of events, revolutionise stage-management. He has called electricity to his aid to supersede scene-shifters, and, by so doing, to reduce the number and expense of stage hands. Now these changes have been instituted, one recognises that the stage is one of the few places in which machinery has as yet done little or nothing to oust manual labour. It is not to be wondered at, if at last the eye of the



THE SCARBOROUGH DRAMATIC CLUB IN "DIPLOMACY," FROM A PHOTOGRÁPH BY HERBERT WATKIN, SCARBOROUGH.

lady, to kiss his hand. He was to make an appointment at the stage-door, where she would come to perform the ceremony. So far, the request seemed quite in accordance with tradition. But there followed a lamentably prosaic explanation. The lady did not want to kiss the actor's hand because she was dying for him, but because she had made a bet that she would do it, and because a new dress depended on the success of the enterprise. The eloquence she addressed to the actor had no concern with the emotions of the soul: it dwelt solely on the importance to a woman of having a new gown.

I remember the days when the worship of actors was more disinterested. There was a lady who spent every evening clinging to the railings outside a popular actor's door. She would wait patiently there for hours, and when he came out she followed him with adoring eyes till he took refuge in a cab. It was a purely romantic case. The lady's parents and guardians had to be invoked, and there was a heartrending scene when she was told that she must not cling to the railings any more. I dare say she is a matron now, incapable of such an escapade, but I like to think that whenever she passes a certain house a reminiscent tear bedews the mature bloom of her cheek.

What ought to be done to a man who spoils a good story by unseasonable accuracy? The late-Mr. Finlason, chief law-reporter of the *Times*, had a great fund of anecdotes, and he told them like a born story-teller—that is to say, he had a proper contempt for mere statistical details which interfered with artistic finish. But his auditors were not always men of the same high genius. On one occasion he described how

innovator lights upon a place still unexploited, that he hastens to bring it into line with the universal order of things. Of course, the outlook for the scene-shifter is a bad one, but there is no probability that the change will become immediately popular. Managers are conservative in their instincts, and, moreover, the uncertain temper of electricity is something of a restraint to the most ardent temperament. Imagine the effect of electricity's sudden refusal to work when called upon! To what strange and amusing results might such an accident give rise!

Writing about electric-light reminds me of the most effective collapse of light I ever witnessed. It is but a few months ago, the time being the occasion of the Empire Appeal against the decision of the L.C.C. Licensing Committee, and the place, Spring Gardens. It is history now that the famous speech of John Burns turned all the waverers on to the side of the so-called Purity Party. When the member for Battersea had been on his feet for some minutes, and had fairly warmed to his work, the lights suddenly paled and went out. Of course, the gas was at once turned on, but in the moment of gloom the voice of the Labour leader seemed to reach the gallery with doubled effect. He was speaking passionately, I might almost say bitterly, and the force of his words was intensified by the mystery of darkness. And when the gaslight burst from the numerous jets, and lit up the faces of listeners in all parts of the beautiful chamber, it was easy to see that effect I have noted had been felt by most of the people present. The fierce words, whose power the sudden darkness could neither check nor soften, the anxious faces of the listeners, the startling change from light to darkness, and then to light again, all these things helped to make a real dramatic moment.

MR W. B. WOODGATE ON THE BOAT-RACE.

As the period of Mr. Woodgate's boating career lies just about at the middle point in the history of the University Boat Race, it occurred to me (writes a representative of The Sketch) that his opinion would possess especial value by reason of its breadth of experience on the great event of the week; besides, his selection as writer on "Boating" in the "Badminton Library" stamped him as a first authority.

At an hour when clients had ceased to trouble, I sought him out in his residential chambers in the Temple, where you might easily be illuded into believing you were at his old college, Brasenose. His off-duty dress of blue serge or russet velveteen suggests the sports of field and flood, where he is most at home, and accentuates the proportions of his athletic physique, which, with scientific training, won him thrice the Amateur Championship of England as a sculler, placed him in the winning 'Varsity crews of 1862 and 1863, created him the holder of the Diamond Sculls in 1864, and enabled him to carry off a cup or medal in every Henley competition except for the Ladies' Plate. These trophies of his provess, to the number of a score at least, decorate a sideboard, and among his books, on every "ology" under heaven, you may detect the novels "Ensemble," "O. V. H.," and "Tandem" (his latest), which are the fruit of the leisure of a very busy man.

"Of course, Mr. Woodgate, you have been up the river and seen the crews at practice. What do you think of them?"

"The Oxford crew is of the same class as last year, and the men have the same style and are of the same strength as nearly as possible. It is true, there are two new men in the boat not quite so heavy; but, then, the rest of the crew have, since last year, increased considerably in strength. The Cambridge eight consists, however, of rather older men— Wauchope is of some seven years' standing, while Cotton has been four years in the Oxford boat; but the crew is backward in practice, there is no doubt. By the way, no greater nonsense is talked in some of the papers than describing all long-distance spins of the crews as 'trials.' There's a very wide difference between rowing hard and racing. Not more than once, or perhaps, twice, during the whole three weeks' practice do the crews row themselves thoroughly out. At this present period of practice, they spurt at high-pressure speed, but not longer than a minute—much oftener not more than thirty seconds. The word 'trials' is, in horse-racing parlance, therefore, at present wholly inapplicable."

"Now tell me, do you think the art of rowing is deteriorating?"
"Quite the reverse, Putting aside the question of the sliding-seat, the amateur rowing-world of to-day is of a far higher standard than it was, say, twenty-five years ago. There is now greater emulation, both Universities are larger, and the general physique of the men is, on the average, far finer. And I ascribe this last fact to the better feeding which boys get at school than they did in my day, when, at Radley, we only got meat once a day, and, night and morning, nothing better than bread-and-butter. It is perfectly marvellous the difference it makes in a boy's growth and general development if he is allowed a bit of fish or an egg for breakfast and supper. The effect of good food is particularly noticeable among the lads in the Militia, who, after their first year's training, almost invariably grow an inch or two taller and many pounds heavier. Look, too, in a training-stable, at the difference in dentition between three-year-olds fed on best oats—48 lbs. to the bushel—as against grass-fed youngsters of a like age."

"And you think there is a marked advance in general style?"
"The 'watermanship'—by which I mean the skill with which crews

'sit' the boat—is superior undoubtedly, and, since keelless boats have been in use, it is no small matter to avoid letting the boat roll. Etonians always make good 'watermen.' As to straight backs, on slides, I don't suppose the two Universities have ever turned out neater and more finished oarsmen than the late Cottenham, Edwardes-Moss, West, Pitman the elder, and Fairbairn."

"And what have you to say about the 'ships' themselves?"

"Well, I can't speak very highly of the present-day boat-building, and, as far as that goes, one can't name more than five really good boats that have ever been launched. A fast boat was the Oxford Swaddell, that raced from '78 to '82 inclusively. The Chester, built for Exeter College by Mat Taylor, was another good one. It was used from '56 to '63 or '64. The same builder produced the celebrated Eton ship of the 'sixties. The Merton College and the Brasenose boats of the year '60, by the same builder, were fast boats, and a near approach to perfection was the Cambridge boat of four years ago. I think a mistake is made in not building a boat full enough forward and fine enough aft. Of course, since the introduction of the sliding-seat, the boats have to be built much longer. I think Rough is as good a builder as any."

"I believe your University, Oxford, is now six races to the good?"
"Yes; it is difficult to account for it. It is true, we have a better water at Oxford, and a larger number of school-oars ready-made to choose from generally. I say generally, because, after a run of Oxonian wins, there has often followed a rush of Eton men to that University; and, in connection with victories and defeats, I may remark that at Oxford we don't abuse our 'coaches' if we are beaten, and cast

about as to who we shall hang. All we say is 'Better luck next time.'"

"You have done a good deal in the way of coaching crews?"

"I have helped to 'coach' the Oxford crews of '66, '67, and '68, and, for that matter, other crews of both Universities from time to time."

"Do you think America is likely to wrest any of our first amateur

honours from us?"

"They might, once in a way, of course. However, the average American is rarely an amateur, strictly speaking. Take Lec, for instance, or

Ryan, who came over last year to try for the Diamond Sculls; it is quite open to question if either comes under our definition of the term. Of course, I am not alluding to the American collegiate crews, who are purely amateurs undoubtedly. I am glad to hear that France and Germany are disposed to adopt our regulations as to what constitutes an amateur, and cash prizes are to be henceforward tabooed by them. The best of the Australian crews, from what good Colonial experts tell me, I should



Photo by Debenham, Souths

MR. W. B. WOODGATE.

place on the level with the sixth to the tenth college boat on the river; perhaps, about on a par with the middle of the first division in 'bumping Not good enough to win the Ladies' Plate or to beat an Eton or Radley crew."

"I suppose, like everyone who thoroughly understands a particular

subject, you have some improvements to suggest?

"No, I think the University Boat-Race is conducted most satisfactorily. Perhaps the course might be more accurately defined by slabs in black and white fixed in the bank, instead of the one wooden winning-pole, which is set up in a very hap-hazard fashion, with no fixed starting-point, especially when one calls to mind that the time of the race is calculated to one-fifth of a second; therefore, the starting-point should be very accurately determined. I think the arrangements are excellently carried out, but I would like to beg the hack steamers, who carry sightseers to view the practice of the crews, to avoid going so near as they do, giving their 'wash' to the boats, as frequently happens."

THE BLUES.

The universe just for one day these two hues Suffuse. Agnostics and Anglicans, Jesuits, Jews, Abuse Each other no more, they are but rival blue's In views: Judge, counsel, the client who seeks for his dues And sues; The jurist, the jockey, the joiner who screws Or glues; The wily detective provided with clues; In mews, The ostlers; in clubs, coatless chaps who chalk cues To use; The man who makes books, butter, boots; bakes, boils, brews, Or stews: And even old ladies who open church-pews-Refuse $\begin{array}{c} \Lambda ll \ \, other \ \, distraction \ \, that \ \, they \ \, may \ \, peruse \\ The \ \, news \end{array}$ How rowed, while the grass gleamed with earliest dews,
The crews.—II. DEVEY BROWNE



M. C. Pilkington.

H. B. Cotton.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W. THE OXFORD CREW.

F. C. Stewart.

II. A. Game.

W. S. Adie.



. Y. Bonsey.

D. A. Wauchope (stroke). F. C. Begg (cox.), A. T. B. Hope.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEARY, CAMBRIDGE.

ITS STORY. THE BOOK AND

IN THE FAR EAST.*

This is a book of high value. The Foreign Office should send copies of it to our representatives in the East, from Ministers to Consuls. author puts its subject-matter in nuce when he says that it deals with "the last Wonderland of the World; the seed-bed of new political issues." The Eastern Question has shifted from the Bosphorus to the extreme Asiatic scaboard. Only, instead of "Wonderland," which for

us is the storied; glittering East, we should say the "For-bidden Chamber," within whose half-opened doors lie the countless victims of Chinese and Korean Bluebeards.

The work falls into two main divisions: the earlier dealing with the of European states or with countries under their protection; the later with the real or nominally independent peoples of whose destinies Mr. Norman attempts a forecast. In both divisions the personal is blended with the political; statistical and other information of the Blue Book order is lightened with graphic sketches of Oriental life. The personal record hints at enough risky adventures and exciting situations, demanding tact and resource, to make the



MR. HENRY NORMAN.

fortunes of the book as a travel-story. But, with equal modesty and wisdom, Mr. Norman has placed these subordinate to the questions which evidently have exercised him long and deeply, and has thus secured the book from the ephemeral fate of travellers' tales, making it a serious and permanent contribution to the solution of momentous problems. The opening chapter on the outposts of our Empire takes us per saltum to Shanghai and Hong-Kong; in the one, the notable feature is the increasing supersession of the Europeans by the Chinese; in the other, we have the dominance of damp and cockroaches. The moisture produces a fine crop of fungi (whether edible or not is doubtful) on one's boots in a single night, and the same period suffices for the cockroaches to devour a suit of clothes. These pests came, like the Wise Men, from the East, only, happily, much later. Voyaging to cosmopolitan Singapore, we find its discrete racial atoms held together by a piece of British bunting; while in the Protected States some form of confederation under the same uniting symbol seems necessary. France (from whose Government, by the way, Mr. Norman carned the reward of one hundred francs for shooting a tiger) has no sure foothold in the East. Her incapacity for colonisation is supplemented by official squabbling and corruption. Spain and Portugal are, of course, played out. The one has slight hold on the Philippine Islands, with their capital, Manila, city of "cigars, earthquakes, and intolerance" (Mr. Norman's description reminds us of the boy who said that the features of Russia were "cold and tyrannical"). The other has even less hold on Macao, the "mongrel colony" where Cameo wrote most of the "Luciads."

But Russia, stealthily aggressive, marches abreast with, if not slightly in advance of, Britain. In possession of the important Pacific stronghold of Vladivostok, the destined terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, Mr. Norman sees her power to ultimately absorb Korea, and "completely surround the northern half of China." The result will be that "unless England secures a further and firmer foothold at least a thousand miles north of Hong-Kong, she will not be in a position to dispute with Russia any step that the latter may choose to take." Imperialist to the backbone, but in no narrow Jingo spirit, Mr. Norman would have us prepare, as the higher civilising power, for the disintegration of the Chinese Empire, "the country of rag-tag and pigtail," a loose congeries of seething millions. Thither Mr. Norman takes us, and no better guide could we desire. When Bates published his classic, Gould, the naturalist, who had vainly

o "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East: Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese Colonies; Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya." By Henry Norman, author of "The Real Japan." With 60 Illustrations and 4 Maps. London: Ţ. Fisher Unwin,

longed to visit the Great River, said to him, "I have read your book; I have seen the Amazons!" And the like tribute may be accorded to Mr. Norman. "Thanks to your vivid narrative and the splendid reproductions of your photographs, we have seen Pekin, and the 'Myriad-Mile Wall,' and Canton, 'the colossal human ant-hill'; Pekin the foul, with its streets three feet deep in mud and ordure; its great wall, with sham cannon-mouths, like the painted port-holes of old merebantmen—or rather, can it not be said, like the sham empire itself?" The public buildings are beneath contempt; the famous Temple of Heaven, which Mr. Norman saw only from a distance, looked in good preservation, but Mr. Forbes, who managed to get inside it in 1875, describes it as filthy. Mr. Norman ran the usual risks of a "foreign devil" from the crowd but his most perilous adventure was a visit to the fanatical inmates of a Mongol-Buddhist monastery in the outskirts of the city. The marvel is

that he is alive to tell the tale.

This whole section is painful reading, redeemed only by the hope that the eyes of British statesmen may be opened to the inherent rottenness of a nation the maintenance of alliance with which has been, hitherto, a note of diplomatic sagacity. Despite all that Sir Robert Hart has done for them, these Celestials, with their narrowing superstitions, loathe us. Nor has missionary effort modified the feeling. Mr. Norman has to admit that the Catholics command more respect than the Protestants, for these have brought their sectarian subtleties over "diphthongs" with them, and, in humour-killing seriousness, circulated an unexpurgated Bible, the Chinese retorting by publishing obscene parodies of it. The revolting disregard of human life; the easy-going modes of suicide—strangely like those in "sitting dharna" in India, or the "distraint by fasting" of the old Breton code; the fiendish cruelty of criminal punishment, notably in the "death by the thousand cuts," of which a gruesome, but, for folks of weak stomach, detachable, picture is given, are among the myriad reasons that make us hail the destruction of a rule which, whether through weakness or apathy, permits such a hell upon earth. But threatened empires, like threatened men, live long; and many an infamy may again be perpetrated, many a generation come and go, before China "ultimately falls to pieces under the pressure of

the conflicting interests that focus upon her."

We naturally turn to the chapters on the "Question of Korea" and "An Eastern Horoscope," as embodying the chief motif of the book. In the former, Mr. Norman deals with the current charge that Japan deliberately provoked hostilities for her own aggrandisement, and shows that the war had been rendered inevitable by the attitude and action of China. But in the success which the smaller Power has achieved lies peril, and Mr. Norman counsels her to use moderation and repress the easily provoked war-spirit that has undue voice in her councils. It is when the treaty of peace is signed between China and Japan that the real difficulties will begin. To the credit of Mr. Norman's forecasts, the terms of that treaty, as indicated in the *Times* of March 15, are much as he has predicted. Japan will not absorb China—Jonah campot swallow the whale. But she wants more elbow-room; and she will get it, probably in Formosa, and, strategically, at Port Arthur. "Korea will doubtless be left independent, under a more on less defined Language. will doubtless be left independent, under a more or less defined Japanese protection," but Russia will have a voice as to the destiny of a peninsula whose present state is as corrupt as that of its nominal suzerain. In hinting at the probable lines on which settlement of a heap of burning questions will run, Mr. Norman shows that he has the root of the matter in him in recognising what statesmen too often overlook-"the sacred and ineradicable distinction of race." While Asia must be for the Asiatics, he, nevertheless, seeing how profoundly and primarily England and Russia are interested in the destinies of the millions dwelling in the Far East, urges their combined action. "Now that the long-prevalent superstition that China might serve us as a bulwark against a Russian advance has at length been exploded, our statesmen will, no doubt, be more prepared for this alternative of friendship." We hope they will.

In commenting upon a book whose treatment of great subjects compels unqualified praise, we can single out only one minor defect, in the omission to supply a route-map of the author's travels.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AND LOURDES.

What would M. Zola say to the latest miracle from Lourdes? It would appear that the healing water is no respecter of persons, does not disdain to cure a profane play-actor, and attends to ills of Protestants—who have faith—as well as Catholics. In her potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Olga Nethersole has a remarkable fall, and recently, when acting at Harlem, in America, she fell somewhat more heavily than usual, and badly hurt her knee. The popular actress was obliged to consult one of the leading New York surgeons, who, it happened, had, during the previous summer, visited Lourdes, and brought away with him some of its miraculous water. Miss Olga Nethersole has always been deeply impressed by the story of the Holy Fountain of Our Lady at Lourdes, and, when the surgeon told her that he had some of the sacred water, she asked if he would anoint her knee with it. The eminent surgeon, who had been somewhat reticent about the faith cure, was, however, delighted with Miss Nethersole's faith, and promptly anointed the injured knee. A complete cure was effected in three days. There is said to be some hitch with Mr. Daly in connection with his contract to take a London theatre for Miss Nethersole when she returns in the spring.

HOW A SNAKE CRUSHES ITS PREY.

Photographs by F. Downer, Watford.

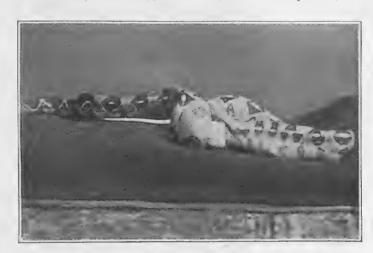
Of the whole number—about eighteen hundred species—of serpents which exist on the earth, probably one-fourth kill their prey by constriction. The snake here depicted is a typical example of this class—a baby specimen of the harlequin-boa, a reptile of marvellously beautiful coloration, occurring throughout Tropical America. Although the title "boa" is synonymous with all that is Brobdingnagian in snake-flesh according to popular misconception, the species attains to but insignificant dimensions compared to the pythons and anaconda, rarely exceeding ten or twelve feet in length; the subject of the photograph is nine months old, and measures nearly four feet. Fig. 1 shows the white rat seized and crushed, an act inconceivably rapid, and impossible to be analysed by the eye—a sudden flash, and snake and prey lie rolled together motionless, the latter dead, with its bones smashed as though gripped by powerful machinery. Mr. Edison may do good service to science with his kinetoscope here; his forty consecutive photos per second, rendered in correct sequence, but slowly, might present the mechanism of the process as visibly and intelligibly as Lord Rayleigh's recent portraiture of the breaking-up of a soap-bubble. The victim is swallowed whole, and head foremost, since fur, hair, and feathers lie smoothly backward in that



boa's head, to illustrate the enormous disproportion between the diameter of the neck and that of the object which passes through it undivided. If the snake's head were chopped off, the section would present, not the



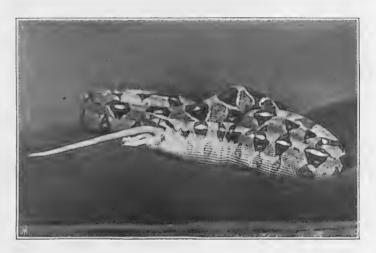
direction. In the present instance the rat has been caught by the nose, and in Figs. 2 and 3 the serpent's jaws are seen plunging over the head. Figs. 4 and 5 exhibit further stages of the act of deglutition, which



orifice of a pipe occupying its area, but the divided backbone and spinal cord, masses of muscle, the severed windpipe, blood-vessels, and a number of other structures, among which the cut end of the gullet would be



reaches its finale in Fig. 6, where the characteristic dislocation of the reptile's face- and jaw-bones can be observed. The now swallowed meal may be noted by the distension of the middle of the body in Fig. 7, in which a dead rat, of similar size to the one just eaten, is placed near to the



picked out with some little difficulty, of little larger ealibre than a darning-needle. Yet so distensible is this tube that it will afford passage to a body considerably bigger than a rat—a guinea-pig, for instance.

ARTHUR STRADLING.







THE EFFECT OF FOOTLIGHTS: HOW AN ACTOR LOOKS FROM THE STALLS.

FROM EDWIN O. SACHS, "MODERN OPERA-HOUSES AND THEATRES."

MODERN OPERA-HOUSES AND THEATRES.

The theatre, from every point of view, is unquestionably a fascinating study. Unfortunately, one aspect of the question—namely, the construction of theatres—has not always received that attention which it deserves. Playgoers are aware of the fact, for, in some theatres, it is quite impossible to see the stage from certain "seats." Actors often suffer still more from the bad arrangements behind. A new work on theatre construction, then, is welcome, and when it is so sumptuous as that which Messrs. Edwin O. Sachs and Ernest A. E. Woodrow propose to publish, through Mr. Batsford, promises to be, it becomes of the greatest value. The work will be issued in three volumes, illustrated by a series of 220 plates (18 by 12 in.), and some hundreds of diagrams in the text, with all plans and sections drawn to a uniform scale. In order to make the drawings of greater international utility, all references on the illustrations will be made in English, German, and French. The three volumes, which will cost subscribers nine guineas, will be published at intervals, the first appearing this summer, the second during the winter, and the third reaching its completion next year. The work, which is intended as a continuation of the valuable atlas on theatres of an earlier period, which was published by M. Contant, of Paris, in 1842, tries to combine the advantages of an atlas and a text-book, which will not only afford information to the specialist, the architect, and engineer, but also to the theatre lessee, the playgoer, and critic, and to public authorities and municipal reformers. There will be an introductory chapter on the

THEATRICALITIES.

Elsewhere reference is made to one of the youngest members of the Lyceum Company, Miss Lena Ashwell to wit. Among the veterans whom Mr. Irving has with him is Mr. Frank Tyars, who took Mr. Irving's part in "King Arthur" while the king was sick recently. Mr. Tyars became a member of the Lyceum company in the spring of 1877, some time before the close of the Bateman régime, and has, during his connection with the beloved "chief," played very many parts, some of them of extreme importance. Playgoers will not forget the sonorous and impressive tones of Mr. Tyars as the President of the Court in "The Bells," where the mesmerised Matthias goes through the murder of the Polish Jew; and his Nemours, in "Louis XI.," is a second impersonation still fresh in my memory. The King in "Hamlet" and Cromwell in "Charles I." are other performances of note given by this good, sound actor early in his Lyceum career. Mr. Tyars, Mr. J. Archer, and Mr. Sam Johnson are honoured members of Mr. Irving's "Old Guard."

Mr. Haviland, also, who has been taking the place of Mr. Frank Cooper as Mordred, is another Lyceumite of long standing. He and his wife, Miss Amy Coleridge, had a most distressing experience at the outset of Mr. Irving's last American expedition. Through an accidental delay to their cab, they lost the special train from Waterloo to Southampton, and, after anxiety that was none the less keen for being short-lived, managed to get up to Liverpool in time to catch another



THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE AT WORMS.

FROM A DRAWING BY MR. EDWIN O. SACHS.

various conditions under which playhouses are erected in different countries, and the purposes they have to fulfil. Private, subscription, endowed, municipal, national, and Court theatres will be described. Special attention will be given to the subject of the People's Theatre.

Worms supplies an example of a people's theatre. When the

Worms supplies an example of a people's theatre. When the building was put up, Worms had as many as 23,000 inhabitants. That is about the size of Winehester and Reigate, or Gravesend and Richmond. Everybody in the town was ready to subscribe, and the Town Council also found that a little money could be taken from the rates. There is a good deal of democratic spirit in Worms, and hence a distinct division of an audience into sections would not have pleased the inhabitants. The best men of the town were to have the best seats, but they were not to be isolated. An assembly-hall was also required in the town, and a combination of the two buildings meant a saving both of the initial outlay and the maintenance. The Bayreuth system of seating was adopted, the lines only being more curved, which does not make it so oppressive for an audience as in the Wagner buildings. The best seats have a central position. All use the same entrances, the same lobbies, and the same cloak-rooms. The best seats cost three-and-sixpence, and the front rows, which are rightly considered to be the worst, sixpence. For chamber drama, the stage is used with a simple indication of the surroundings; for grand drama there is a full mise-en-scene. The stage is something between those of the Daly and Haymarket stages. An organ has been placed at the back of the auditorium, where there is also room for a band, or even a choir, if necessary. Exclusive of the scating accommodation in the gallery, there is room for an audience of 1200, or, with it, for 1400. The whole establishment—theatre, assembly-hall, restaurant, and grounds, with all necessary furniture, fixtures, and sufficient supply of scenery to start the management—cost just £30,500, which, with the prices of labour and materials in this country, and the higher value of ground, would mean £40,000. The Town Council undertook the maintenance of the property.

liner that reached the American shore somewhere about the same date as the steamer conveying the bulk of the Lyceum company and paraphernalia.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree intends to treat New York people to a first performance on his return to Abbey's Theatre at the beginning of April. He then means to present a new play by Mr. W. E. Henley and the late R. L. Stevenson, entitled, "Robert Macaire the Philosopher." Should not Mr. William Archer and two or three of his set among the critics make a special expedition to the States to witness this production, which certainly seems to be on all-fours with Mr. Tree's celebrated Mondaynight performances at the Haymarket?

Mr. David Belasco, author of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," a play which may possibly repeat at the Adelphi the success previously gained by it in the United States, is a kinsman of the late David James, and shares with Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. Clay Greene, and Mr. Harry J. W. Dam, the distinction of being dramatists nurtured on Californian soil. San Francisco, indeed, is quite enthusiastic about its "Davy Boy," who ended his active connection with local theatrical matters in July, 1886, when a big "benefit" was given him, and who has since then started successfully his Lyceum School of Practical Acting.

Mr. Belasco collaborated with Mr. H. C. de Mille in the drama "Man and Woman," which Miss Amy Roselle (now safely arrived, together with her husband, Mr. Arthur Dacre, at the Antipodes) produced during her unfortunate season at the Opéra Comique. Another Adelphi drama, "The Lost Paradise," in which Mr. Charles Warner figured to some purpose, came from the pen of Mr. de Mille alone. Mr. David Belasco has now on the stocks a fresh play, dealing, to a certain extent, with life in Washington; and he means to reside for a while at the American capital, for the purpose of obtaining local colour.

MR. GEORGE ELGOOD.

Mr. George Elgood, the elever water-colour artist whose charming garden-pictures have attracted so much attention during the last few years, is the son of the late Mr. Samuel Elgood, of Leicester. Other



MR. GEORGE ELGOOD.

have shown considerable talent with the brush, especially Mr. T. Elgood, whose country scenes are highly appreciated in his native county, which, from historic and artistic points of view, may be considered a happy hunting-ground for land-scape-painters. The clever flower-paintings of Mr. Elgood's sister, Mrs. John Fulleylove, have also appeared in many of the leading exhibitions, and several examples may generally be found at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, of which her husband is a member. Mr. Elgood was elected a member of the Institute in 1882. At the Institute he is best known by his work among the old gardens of England the green alleys and flowery pleasaunces of Penshurst, the old

members of his family

yews and grey terraces of Haddon, the pavilions, balustraded walls, and fountains of Montacute. Mr. Elgood has also been attracted by the châteaux of smiling Touraine. Sicily, with its wealth of natural beauty and its varied historical monuments, delighted him much. The churches of Palermo, with their glowing marbles and mosaics, the Grecian temples of ancient Agrigentum standing among the olive groves high above the blue waters of the Mediterranean, provided subjects for his brush.

In 1891 Mr. Elgood had an exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, entitled "A Summer Among the Flowers," when he showed the beautiful gardens and stately homes of England—Arley, Compton, Helmingham, and Berkeley—besides many a homely cottage-garden full of poppies and lilies, roses and pinks. Two years later came his "Gardens Grave and Gay," when he gave us some of the delicate beauties of the Riviera—the orange- and lemon-groves, the charm of the peach-blossom against the refreshing grey of the olives. There, too, Losely, Levens, and Melbourne found a place. Since then, he has wandered for through Italy and Spain and lingered among those

has wandered far through Italy and Spain, and lingered among those delightful gardens of the Moors and of the Renaissance. In Italy he now gives us glimpses of the Villas Borghese and Medici, on the outskirts of Rome, of the terraced gardens above the Campagna at Frascati, and of that most perfect example of Vignola at Viterbo, the Villa Lante. To return to England, Bulwick and Rockingham, both in Northamptonshire, furnish good examples of the quiet seventeenth-century gardens, where the masses of old-fashioned flowers stand out against the rich background of yew and holly. Perhaps one of the best drawings is "The Terrace Steps, Bul-wick." He was well repaid for his visit to Ireland by the discovery of such gardens as Palmerstown and Abbey-Leix, where the flowers blow with a luxuriance which we have hardly seen equalled even in England. It will at once be understood how much Mr. Elgood's work is appreciated when it is stated that nearly fifty paintings were disposed of on the opening day of the exhibition just held at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. Among the purchasers were the Empress Frederick and Princess Louise. The Queen, who was unable to visit the gallery, telegraphed for one of the pictures to be reserved for her collection.

THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE.

The list of stories and plays based on an accidental murder of a long-lost son by a father or mother is practically exhaustless. Mrs. Osear Beringer may be glad to hear the following curious facts, apropos of her play "Salvé." The late Mr. Edwin Cotter, once editor of an Essex country paper, some years ago wrote a poem called "In the Good Old Times," in which an innkeeper of Chelmsford murders his own son in mistake for a well-to-do farmer who has put up for the night at his inn. This is virtually the story of "Robert Macaire." Who can have forgotten the scene that Fechter introduced at the Lyceum, in which the wounded Macaire totters down a huge staircase into his son's arms? Mr. Cotter



VILLA BORGHESE, ROME. GEORGE ELGOOD.

asserted, however, that his story was based on the report of a murder which occurred at Chelmsford in the year 1773. Cotter's writings were highly appreciated by Miss Braddon, who published some of them in *Belgravia* when under her charge. Did not Mrs. Stirling often recite in public Cotter's "Stroller's Story?"



ON THE TERRACE, ABBEY-LEIX, GEORGE ELGOOD.

MISS LENA ASHWELL.

I first saw Miss Lena Ashwell (says a Sketch representative) when she was touring as Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind." It is not a matter for surprise to those who saw her elever study of Mr. Grundy's heroine to know that she has earned so many praises as Elaine in "King Arthur" at the Lyceum. She is, above everything else, brimful of enthusiasm for her profession.

To the grace of an easy and excellent speech, Miss Ashwell adds the

Emery's understudy. In 'that pretty children's production, 'The Piper of Hamelin,' I also took the part of Liza. Oh! what a lovely part it was, too!"—enthusiastically.

"Then I was Lady Pamela in 'Dick Sheridan,' and I also took a leading part in 'Frou-Frou.' No, that does not exhaust the list of my appearances in the course of three years. I also took Lady Belton in 'Navigage'!" 'Marriage.'"

"You have not told me all about yourself; for instance, how you came to adopt the dramatic profession?"

"For a living, I suppose. No; to be serious, it was at one time my



MISS LENA ASHWELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

charm of a sweet expression and such complete affability as to soon make

one thoroughly at home in her presence.

"I am very young," she said, "and there is not much I can tell you. Shall I start at the beginning? Well, I have been on the stage three years, but I will tell you all about it from the first. Let me see, it was three years last Easter since I made my début, under Mr. Murray Carson's auspices, at the Globe. I played the small part of a servant-girl in 'The Pharisee.' That did not last very long. When I left Mr. Carson, I played an original part in 'The Reckoning,' and then went on tour with Mr. George Alexander, who was producing 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'

"Excuse me, for I know what you are going to ask—I did not play at all in Osear Wilde's piece; I simply went to learn. My next appearance was as Dora in 'Man and Woman,' at the Opéra Comique. Last year I was engaged at the Comedy, where, as you know, I was Miss Winifred

highest ambition to be a performer in opera. I was studying at the Royal Academy when Ellen Terry—isn't she a lovely woman?—came to examine, and it was through her influence that I took to the stage. She has given me a great deal of help—a great deal! None of my people were ever on the stage. My father was in the Navy, and most of my relatives are artists. Well, my time is almost up—the five minutes, you

"Two more questions only. What is your favourite part? When do you finish on this tour, because there are many friends who will be following you in the future?"

"Frou-Frou is my favourite. She is joyous and despondent in turn, you know; and, then, you have to sing in 'Frou-Frou.'"

"Can I sing? Two questions, eh! Yes; but I found I was not strong enough for opera."

And here the voice of the call-boy brought our chat to an abrupt end.

NUTSHELL. NOVEL IN

THE PICKLES CATASTROPHE.

A CHRONICLE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

'Twas only this morning that the rector sent me a summary bidding to wait upon him in his sanctum at the half-hour after ten, and now, after my visit, more than ever am I hardened in my belief that having one's father in the Church is a tiresome and a doleful thing.

This parent of mine, forsooth, has no leaning towards humour, and apparently cannot understand that a boy, who is at home from a country school for the holidays, should desire stronger merriment than readings from the puzzling ancients, or more adventurous recreation than auditing

the accounts of the parish.

464

What a merry time, too, I had mapped out to spend with Simpson Bracewell, the son of my father's warden! Would we not away over the Gill Meadows for trout in the Clogger's Beek? Would I not give him a sound trouncing at nurr-and-spell on the Slack? Ay, would we not

together catapult the squirrels in the Syke Wood?

But the pall of the past hangs over me, and Farmer Bracewell has sworn to keep Simpson in strict privacy, while I have been delivered over to Tully and Euclid. And why? Simply because we have devised and carried out a joke which has hurt nobody save an old pinchpenny who is sure to get even with us-at least, when his hair grows again. But

hereby hangs my faithful chronicle.

Ever since old Reuben Pickles gave me a hiding in Sow's Ginnel for coaxing the village boys to overturn his water-butt, I had sickened for revenge, and made up my mind that these holidays should see it wreaked, as is always done in the stories of the valiant. What better than to discuss the plot with Simpson, after he should swear honest allegiance? Often, as I lay abed at night, from half-past eight and onwards, did I evolve and weave many a scheme, dark ruse, and stratagem, by which the miser Reuben should be entrapped, then punished in his lair. Lair, indeed—with broken windows stuffed with rags; a burrow flagged with cold mill-stones, under one flag, near the ass-neuk, lying, so they say, an old lead chest of treasure.

His den stands away clear from the chamber-height cottages in the Low Fold, and lies anent Job Blamires's piggery and slaughter-house. The distance from the rectory and back, across the croft and down the Thievescore Lane, takes ten minutes' hard running; but three extra minutes should be allotted for climbing down and up the pear-tree

which grows against my bedroom window.

All this I timed last Tuesday night—and wherefore? Because I was to repay Reuben, and a night-march should be well known beforehand.

Once I had seen a big horse-pistol at Farmer Bracewell's. Simpson, of course, knew of it; but when I asked him to furnish it for an expedition, the slowback looked afraid. Forthwith I unbosomed me of

my plan, and he swore like a pirate to aid me.

How can I describe my eestasy when he brought the weapon, with an old powder-flask and caps! We went away into the Syke Wood, and,

oh! what a stir the thing did make at practice!

By my plan, Simpson was to be made Master of the Ordnance, while

my weapon should be simply a huge window-syringe.

On Thursday night, vengeance was ours. At half-past eight, as is my wont, I bade the household good-night, and took my way to bed. Nine sounded, and I opened my lattice, squeezed through on to the pear-tree, placing the big syringe in my side-pocket, so that, in sliding down, I could support it with my arm. In three minutes I arrived at the end of the lane, and met my trusty ally. Stealthily we reached the slaughter-house yard, not meeting a single soul. Then I made for the tub in the corner, and, placing the nozzle of the syringe into the gory contents, drew up a full charge.

A flickering light, all this time, was burning at Reuben's. Like mice we came, and, looking through the damaged panes, saw him brooding

over the dying embers, cursing all men and things—and a few women.

The night was still as death, and, as I softly pulled out the rags which stuffed two adjoining frames, not a breath of air moved, nor yet did Reuben hear, for by this he had cowered further forward, and his hands were over his ears.

Quickly Simpson placed the muzzle of his pistol through the hole in front of him; carefully I thrust the syringe through my frame and took a certain aim. Then, kicking Simpson, by way of signal, bang went his pistol, down went the force-rod of my syringe—a very shower of blood covering the luckless Reuben, until it streamed from his pate. His yell will be with me for all time, and as he screamed "I am murthered!" he fell wallowing in the pool.

Thereupon, neither Simpson nor myself could make shift for laughter-so terribly affrighted and horrible did Reuben appear; but now was the moment for a masterly getting-off, and that right soon, as we heard the unlocking of doors and, anon, the scampering of many feet. So, breathlessly we ran across the field, and I did not part from Simpson at the corner of the lane without admonishing the warpneck to take good heed that he should enter his home noiselessly, and, above all, put back the pistol in its place.

As for myself, another three minutes found me climbing the peartree; but I should not forget to state that I thoroughly wiped the syringe in the long grass, and took a deep cleansing pull as I crossed the beck, squirting the stuff back into the stream. When I had at length got into my room, straightway I pulled off my muddy boots, but, hearing a step on the boards outside, I had just time enough to spring into bed, clothes and all, before the door was opened, and in stalked the stern gaffer.

Fast asleep I was, of course, but I had a narrow escape—and yet, alas! only for a time, as, thanks to Simpson, next day the whole matter was bruited, which proves that allies are no good when away from the centre

of control.

On the morrow, from Jabez, the gardener, I learned the news of the night before; how he was returning from the hostelry about nine o'clock, and how he had heard a pistol-shot and presently the cries of neighbours. He rushed to the Low Fold and discovered that old Reuben Pickles had been nearly murdered. In haste was Dr. Tom fetched and warned of the horrible occurrence. The doctor's surname is really "Thomas," but that is not generally known, for he does not take the other to heart, being fond of his Yorkshire practice, likewise strong language.

Doctor Tom came with his instruments, and found Reuben still rolling about the blood-stained floor with his hands to his head, groaning with fright, and swearing how that he had been shot through the brain, which

the common folk believed.

"Get up, you bellowing fool, and keep still!" yelled the doctor. Then he commanded Tony the barber, who was present, to run for shaving-brushes, soap, and a razor. Speedily these were procured, and the doctor, who had been trying to find the wound, but in vain, ordered Tony to shave Reuben's scalp. This being done, the old villain presented a sorrier spectacle than ever, for no scratch was visible, and he looked for all the world like a whitewashed mummy. But Doctor Tom's language was terrible, inasmuch as (so Jabez said) it sobered old Jack o' Dick's, who had been in his cups since last Michaelmas. Away tore the Doctor out of the house, and blue fire lit up his path.

All which account was most excellent diversion to me, and I could

scarce refrain from confessing to Jabez my share in the glorious mischief. But, as I have before hinted, all my restraint was of none effect,

through the knavishness of the clumsy and gawky Simpson.
Which fell out on this wise. Reaching the Horrocks, he discovered that the small ladder had been removed which he had placed near the outhouse, from which, with the aid of the ladder again, he might reach Now, a brave and dauntless captain would have slept in the outhouse for the night; but not so Simpson, who is really an arrant meacock. So he tried to creep unperceived through the kitchen and ascend the servants' stairs; but one of the dairymaids espied him, at which the awkward fool was so dismayed that he dropped the pistol, and the gammerstang picked it up straightway.

Next morning, the spiteful wench told Dame Bracewell, and, as by that time one of the hinds had noised the story of Reuben's sad plight and his threats of vengeance on the unknown dastard, Simpson was at once privately closeted with the Farmer, who proceeded to extract a

confession from my late confederate, with the aid of a thible.

Last night the old noddypeak called upon the rector, who, as I knew, had been on an explanatory visit to the bishop in connexion with a

complaint from that naughtily aggrieved parishioner, Levi Worsnop. Hence my interview this morning.

For once in my life I yearn to return to school.* The days have become very wearisome, and all my thoughts are sad thoughts; for how may I consort with a jobbernoll, what joy may I have in an unsympathetic sire, and what quarter may I expect from a revengeful miser ! A. C. R. CARTER.

Note.—If Dickens and correspondents to the Athenœum are to be believed, this dolorous desire to get back to a "Yorkshire School" of fifty years ago approves our chronicler to have been in a sad plight indeed.



CHURCH PARADE IN HYDE PARK, 1804.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



A TRAMP,-THE HON, JOHN COLLIER,

ART NOTES.

The discovery of a new Botticelli may not now be so exciting an event as it would have been a few years ago, when all the world was



PHYLLIS.—ARTHUR GREENBANK.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery.

Botticelli mad, but it is, nevertheless, an incident of rare and extreme interest. Mr. Albert Fleming contributes to a contemporary the highly engrossing account of such a discovery, and not of one, but of two Botticellis. Vasari, it appears, notices two pictures by this artist, which, according to the Florentine editors, had disappeared into space. One of these was a "Pallas," the other a "St. Sebastian." The "St. Sebastian," however, has been public property for years, for it had hung in the Berlin Museum for a long time, ascribed to Pollajuolo. The "Pallas" has turned up at the Pitti, in Florence.

Mr. Fleming records that we owe the recovery of this picture to Mr. W. Spence, an English artist, who has resided long at Florence. He caught sight of the picture as it hung in a back corridor, with just sufficient dim religious light for him to recognise in it the hand of Botticelli. If we may believe Mr. Fleming, the picture, so far as the central figure goes, is "less wan than the 'Venus of the Shell," and "less hard than the 'Primavera.'" The expression of her face is very peaceful. Her under-skirt is white, "blown loose to the air," ornamented with "interlaced circles tipped with silver points." The

over-skirt is of rich green, ornamented with olive-branches. It sounds all delightful. Nor can we refrain from quoting a little further. Pallas is lifting the hair of a centaur with her right hand.

"Nothing," says Mr. Fleming, "could be more characteristic of Botticelli than the doubling of the toe-joints, the interlaced fingers, and the hard outlines of the nails. The centaur is of the ordinary type, his good brown skin showing but few signs of retouching." The rest of the picture seems to be somewhat disappointing. A "thin landscape" and a "toy boat" do not sound particularly encouraging. Still, there they are; and, seeing that we are blessed with a new Botticelli—and a fine one at that—we do not see how we could reasonably complain.

We must reserve, until next week, particular reference to the details of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. At present, in the face of the superabundance of those details, it must suffice to record a general impression. It is an impression that is a little bewildering; nevertheless, out of the ten thousand points to notice, this fact comes clearly and satisfactorily marked—that the technique and conscientiousness of the more modern artist in water-colours are decidedly in large advance of those same qualities in his predecessor.

One generation, two generations ago, it was, save for a few shining exceptions, the general practice to give so vague and unnoted an impression of any scene, that it well suited, in the worst sense, the medium of the artist: for it was watery to the extreme degree. By some growth in artistic conscience, or by some shamefaced desire not to be found wanting, at all events in technique, the later generation has honestly decided to do its best. This is apparent in every, or in nearly every, drawing now hanging at the Royal Institute. You may not be pleased—you may not be attracted here or there; but it would be ridiculous to deny that conscientious pains have been taken.

We may mention merely two or three names at the present moment which more or less exemplify this point of view. Mr. Alfred Parsons, for example, is one of the most careful and conscientious of painters. It is true that he often—for the sake, as it were, of decisively satisfying his conscience—rather deliberately fills his space with too numerous detail, all carefully observed and laboriously painted. Nevertheless, his work is most satisfactory; his values are carefully noticed and conscientiously achieved; his atmosphere is full and convincing; his drawing is excellent, and his point of view is indisputably interesting.

If Mr. Parsons is not exactly poetic, one may attribute that engrossing quality to Mr. Aumonier, who does not, however, show the laboriousness, the close attention of Mr. Parsons. Then there is Mr. Ayerst Ingram, whose snow-scene at Falmouth Harbour must even be described as extraordinary. Everybody knows that the illusion of snow is one of the easiest tricks of the everyday painter. But, like so many other easy tricks of art, although there is no great difficulty in producing a somewhat commonplace illusion, there is, in an almost equal proportion, considerable difficulty in doing the thing really well; and this rare feat Mr. Ingram has accomplished. In his picture you have no general



THE HOME OF THE RED DEER, ROSS-SHIRE .- BY THE LATE SAMUEL BIRD.

and cheap idea of snow submitted to you; the planes, as it were, which divide the nearer and further distances of the snow effect are clearly marked, and are painted with an animation and a vitality that are wholly commendable. We have said that we must reserve further consideration for next week of the rest of the show. We must, however, mention the names of Mr. Claude Hayes, Mr. Fulleylove, and Mr. James Clark as contributing some excellent work.

Sir John Millais's recovery from his long illness is a matter over which we cannot fail to rejoice. He is, we learn, to be represented at the Academy this year by some four subject pictures—a somewhat exceptional fact, since, of late years at least, he has accustomed us rather to his portraits than to his anecdotes. It is said that his principal picture is likely to be extremely popular. Certainly, the somewhat sentimental subject marks it out for that distinction. It is called "Speak to Me," and it represents the spirit of a young girl returning to her lover while

similar shows of Keene, Du Maurier, Sambourne, Furniss, and others of the *Punch* circle, and where, later on, will also be seen the works of the youngest member, Mr. Phil May.

Referring to Windus's "Surgeon's Daughter," recently reproduced in these pages, a correspondent writes—

Another picture by this master, for he was one in his own fashion, was engraved as long since as 1857, in the National Magazine. It is a wood-cut, by Henry Linton, and I have just uncarthed it for reference. When the Liverpool Academy showed in Post Office Place in the 'forties and 'fifties, Windus, Davis, Tonge, Higgins, Herdman, and a few others were the local men of mark.

In dealing with the recent Nelson Bazaar, a portrait was given in these pages as West's picture of the great Admiral. Mr. Edgar Goble points out that it was really a portrait of his father, who acted as Secretary to the Fleet after Scott was killed. "It was taken by West,"



HAMPSHIRE HATCHES .- DAVID MURRAY.

he sleeps. If Sir John Millais realises his "popular" subject popularly, there is really no limit to which its popularity might reach.

Mr. Alfred Fripp, himself a meritorious painter, and Secretary to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, is, we regret to say, just dead. For the most part he painted landscape, in the accomplishment of which he had quite a peculiar capacity for realising effects of vivid sunlight and the strong colours of Nature. "Atlas" informs us that he was one of an artistic family, his elder brother, George, and his nephew, Charles, being both members of the same society. The theory, however sad, is doubtless true, that no man is indispensable to the welfare of the world; it may be said, however, with equal truth, that to the Royal Society Mr. Fripp's loss is great and serious.

While most of the notabilities on *Punch* have shown the public their collected works in the medium in which they were made, Sir John Tenniel, the *doyen* of the staff, and the most popular of all, has hitherto refrained from so doing. It is with a lively interest, we are sure, that the announcement will be received that a selection of some two hundred of his famous *Punch* cartoons will be exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street, on and after Saturday, where there have been

says Mr. Goble, "after the action, as my father was deputed by the Admiralty to attend West while he was painting the picture known as "The Death of Nelson."

A curious trust has just been created by a lady whose literary philanthropy is already pretty widely known. A sum of money has been settled by her, in the name of trustees, for the purpose of annually commemorating for ever the death of Lord Byron. On every 19th of April a wreath of Maréchal Niel roses is to be placed at the foot of Lord Byron's statue in Hamilton Gardens, facing the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, and an In Memoriam notice is to be put in the newspapers. The latter is to run as follows—

George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824.

"When Love, who sent, forgot to save The young, the beautiful, the brave."
(Vide "The Bride of Abydos.)

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of this death, said-

"It is as if the sun had gone out."

The wreath, it may be added, is to be of no other than Maréchal Niel roses, and is to have a green-and-white foundation.

THE NEW ZEALANDER AS AN ATHLETE.

Photographs by Standish and Preece, Christchurch.



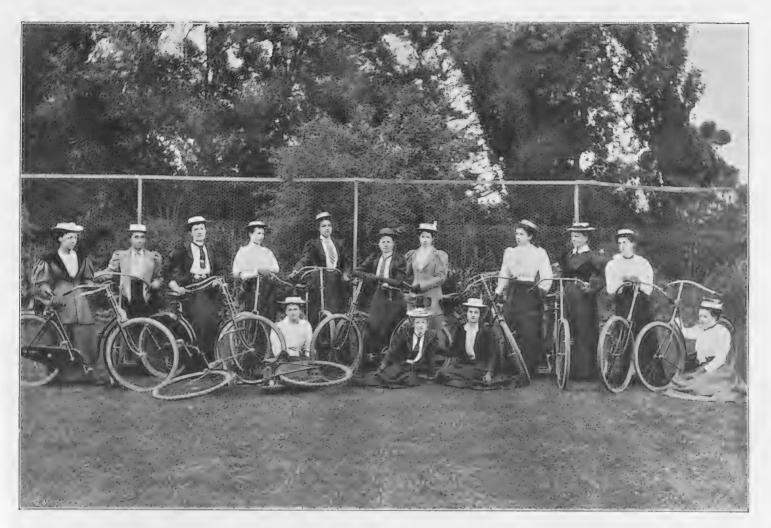
CANTERBURY ROWING CLUB'S SENIOR FOUR.



WATER-POLO TEAM.

THE NEW ZEALANDER AS AN ATHLETE.

Photographs by Standish and Preece, Christchwich.



ATALANTA CYCLING CLUB.



A LADIES' BOATING CLUB.

A CHAT WITH MADAME MARIAN McKENZIE.

Years ago, when Madame Marian McKenzie was still a student at the Royal Academy of Music (says a Sketch representative), I heard her at one of the London Ballad Concerts, and her flexible, deep voice brought to my mind the lovely lines from Gautier's "Contralto"—

> C'est Roméo, c'est Juliette, Chantant avec un seul gosier; Le pigeon rauque et la fauvette l'erchés sur le même rosier.

La cloche mêlant dans sa fonte La voix d'airain, la voix d'argent.

Since then, I have often heard Madame McKenzie, but the first impression of the strangely sympathetic timbre of her voice still remains.

When it was announced that Madame McKenzie had been chosen to sing at the forthcoming Bach Festival, I called on her, for I felt curious to know some details of her brilliant career. It was an arctic day, and, during the five minutes I waited in the long, low, delightfully furnished drawing-room, I gradually unthawed beside the huge fireplace, blazing with flames of every hue from the logs of old ships' timbers. Through the half-open door, the singer's voice came in shakes and scales and roulades; but, a moment later, she greeted me with words of apology: her daily practice was only just over—would I excuse her?
"What! Do you still practice regularly, or only for new work?"

"Except while taking long railway journeys, I never miss at least an ur's serious practice every day. When success comes, I don't believe hour's scrious practice every day. When success comes, I don't believe in dropping the means by which it has been gained."

"But, surely, though I can quite realise the importance of study, it is not to perseverance only you owe your success? No doubt you were specially gifted for a musical career?"

Madame McKenzie laughed, and hesitated a moment. "I wonder if I dare confess how my musical career began? Well, I was scarcely sixteen when I joined Mr. Weekes' Choral Society at Plymouth—yes, I am Devonshire born—and took my part with great pleasure and energy in the singing. After some days, Mr. Weekes suddenly dropped his bûton and walked up to me: 'So you're the contralto who puts us all out! Can't you sing in tune? Why, you make the most noise and sing the worst!' And that was the beginning of my career. Mr Weekes though he lacked enthusiasm for my technique, liked my voice, and thought something might be made of it."

Here Madame McKenzie came to a full stop. She had been eloquent

on her first failure, but I was anxious to know the sequel.
"Yes, I got on all right after that. Eighteen months after, Mr. Weekes induced me to come up to London to compete for the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship, and carefully coached me for it. To my surprise, I won, in a competition of thirty singers. But then trouble came, for it was difficult to persuade my aunts, who were also my guardians, to allow me to enter the musical profession seriously. It was out of the family's ideas. However, eventually I came to London to take advantage of the two years' free teaching at the Royal Academy, and was fortunate enough to study under Randegger and also dear old Walter Lacy, with the result that at the end of the first year I gained the Llewellyn Thomas Gold Medal for declamatory singing. I am so glad now that, even as a young girl, I felt the importance of perfect enunciation, for audiences do like to hear the words of a song.'

"And did you then leave the Academy?"

"Oh, no, for after that I won the bronze and also silver medal; but while still a student I sang at the Ballad Concerts and at the Monday and Saturday 'Pops.' At that time Carl Rosa offered to bring me out in opera, but the quieter life of the concert-singer appealed more to me then."

"But as Marion Edgcumbe you were the success of 'The Old Guard." "Well, I sang at the Avenue for 175 nights. It was very pleasant."

"Now tell me, how did you like mixing with the theatrical set?"
"The people were charming, and I believe half the concert-singers who say that the life behind the curtain shocks them give it up because they are failures on the stage. Certainly, in many cases what they say is scarcely truth, and gives false impressions of people whom I have always found very pleasant. Why, the tea-parties in my dressing-room—christened by the irrepressible Arthur Roberts 'Edgeumbe's tea-and--were simply delightful. My husband, Mr. Smith-Williams, and myself had quite large receptions when the girls in the chorus found out that coffee, tea, and lemonade were always 'on' in my room; and I assure you that they soon gave up beer and drinks when they found it possible to replace them without trouble. I believe it would be very easy for prime donne to give a different stamp to life behind the scenes if they really tried."
"But, after your pleasant experiences of comic opera, I wonder you

did not continue.'

"Well, there are very few good parts for contralto in that style of

work, and then personal inclination has always led me to oratorio."

I can well imagine that immediate and lasting success in it has endeared oratorio music to Madame McKenzie, for, apart from works of the earlier masters, she has distinguished herself in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Sir A. C. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," and made her name welcome at the Leeds, Norwich, and other great musical festivals. In 1891 she replaced, at short notice, Madame Patey at the Handel Festival, and her powerful and sympathetic rendering of the contralto music in "The Messiah" created so deep an impression that last summer she was again engaged for the Triennial Handel Festival.

Madame McKenzie recently appeared at Dublin Castle, and sang no less than nine songs. "It was not awe-inspiring," she said, "like the State Concerts at Buckingham Palace, for, beyond the etiquette of the Vice-Regal Court, which is strictly preserved, it was not formal, and

everyone was most kind, and I spent a very pleasant evening."

"The Bach Festival—that will be congenial work to you?" I said.

"Well, the great difficulty to me is the German! I am so anxious to master the accent thoroughly! I rarely sing any language but my own, and, though my knowledge of French is fair, I always get the lyrics of French songs translated, as I respect words as well as music, and object to a false rendering of either.'

"But, surely you are a good linguist-your Italian pronunciation is

very good."
"That may be; for, as a girl, classical literature interested me so much that I studied Latin, to the neglect, perhaps, of modern languages, though it helped me for Italian, to which, of course, it has such affinity. I suppose, had my voice never been discovered by Mr. Weekes, I should have drifted into literature."

"Then your literary instinct, no doubt, saves you from the pitfall of concert-singers—the ordinary royalty ballad—though, I suppose, cultured

audiences are getting weary of commonplace songs?"

"Indeed, no! In fact, I fancy that the crowd that flocks to balladconcerts is chiefly attracted by the easy, catchy, commonplace balladsnot that it prefers them, but it listens to them, wondering how they will suit the style and capabilities of their Mary or Jane. That is why, suit the style and capabilities of their Mary or Jane. perhaps, so many composers find it wiser to wed an ear-catching tune to an equally uninteresting but easy accompaniment. But, even if I had the bad taste to choose such songs, my husband's influence would have prevented me from singing them. Of course, you know he is brother to Miss Anna Williams; and he is a just, if not over-indulgent critic, and for that I am thankful, as I always feel that, if I please him, the public will not prove more fastidious. Even now, I find Miss Anna Williams's advice and lessors invaluable."

I then got up to say "Good-bye," but lingered for a moment to compare T. B. Kennington's clever portrait of Madame Marian McKenzie with the handsome, copper-golden haired, fascinating songstress whose charm as a woman and an artist is rare and delightful.

THE NEW ZEALANDER AS AN ATHLETE.

The athletic achievements of the Australian have put the New Zealander somewhat in the shade. And yet he is an enthusiastic devotee of sport in all branches. The photographs reproduced on another page show the New Zealander in the different fields of athletics. An interesting picture is that of the four-oared crew—A. Taylor (cox.), J. Y. Daly (stroke), II. F. Nicoll (3), F. W. Hobbs (2), and E. M. Boulton (bow)—that won the Senior Four-oared Race at the Christchurch Amateur Regatta on Feb. 21, and at the Wellington Regatta on March 26, 1894. The crew are all seasoned oarsmen, and individually have a long record of wins behind them. The boat was built for the club by Clasper in 1893, and carries the crew, who average just over 11½ st., splendidly. The Canterbury Rowing Club was founded in 1861. The membership is 180. R. J. S. Harman is President, II. F. Nicoll, Captain, and F. W. Dunnage, Hon. Secretary. The club is noted throughout New Zealand for its enterprise, and for its four-oared crews, who have been successful at every point in the Colony where best-boat rowing is established. In 1888 it was instrumental in sending a New Zealand crew to Sydney to compete in the Inter-Colonial Four-oared Championship, which was rowed on the Parramatta in the December of that year. The crew was composed of Messrs. Smith, Nicoll, and Boulton, of the C.R.C., and Mr. T. A. Styche, captain of the Napier Rowing Club. Victoria won the race by a bare length, over a two-and-a-half-mile course. The New Zealanders were second, while the New South Wales and Tasmanian crcws, some six lengths behind, were third and fourth. The Christehurch Amateur Swimming Club is the "pioneer" swimming club in New Zealand. The club was founded in 1878, and has held a leading position in the sport in New Zealand ever since. Its membership is about one hundred and fifty. On the formation of the New Zealand Swimming Association in 1890, the team here shown won the first polo championship of the Colony, and have held it for three consecutive years, whereby the banner shown in the photograph (presented by the During Association) became the absolute property of the club. three years they have played some twenty matches, and have not had a defeat registered against them. Their success has been due in a great measure to the captain, Mr. Smart, who has held the position since the formation of the team.

One, of course, is not surprised to hear that the young women of the colony are no less enthusiasts in sport than their brothers, for the New Zealand woman has made herself famous in the progressive movement of the moment. They have taken up golf and eyeling enthusiastically. The Atalanta Club, of Christchurch, was the first ladies' cycling-club in Australasia. Inaugurated in September, 1892, it has now about forty members. Meetings are held monthly to arrange for club-runs, pienies, and "socials." The organisation of the club has done a great deal towards removing the public prejudice against ladies cycling, and the pastime is now very popular in Christchurch. In the early part of January, a young girl—Miss Alice Mitchell—and her brother rode from Gore to Christchurch, a distance of nearly three hundred and sixty miles, in seven days, the average run per day being fifty-two miles, and that, too, over mud-laden roads. In Christchurch alone there are

half-a-dozen cycle-factories.



MADAME MARIAN McKENZIE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



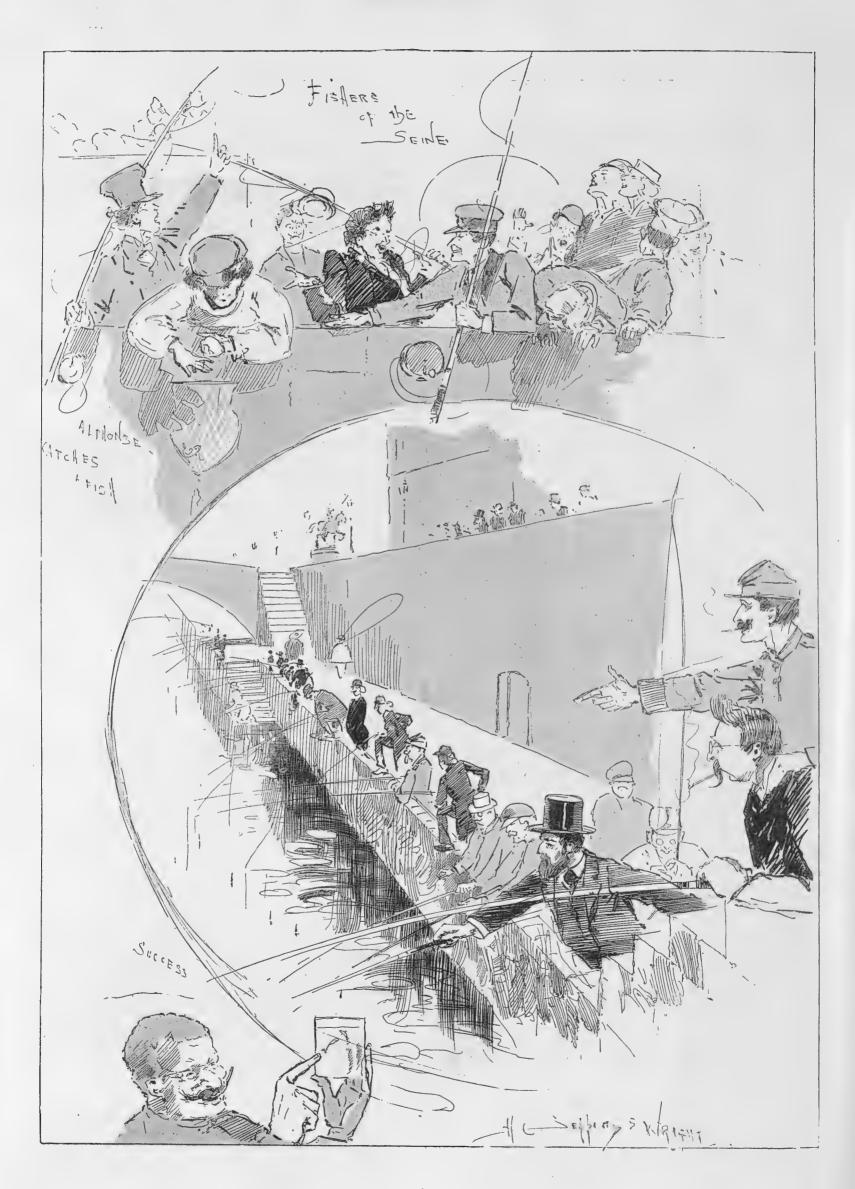
SIMEONETTA-NEW STYLE.

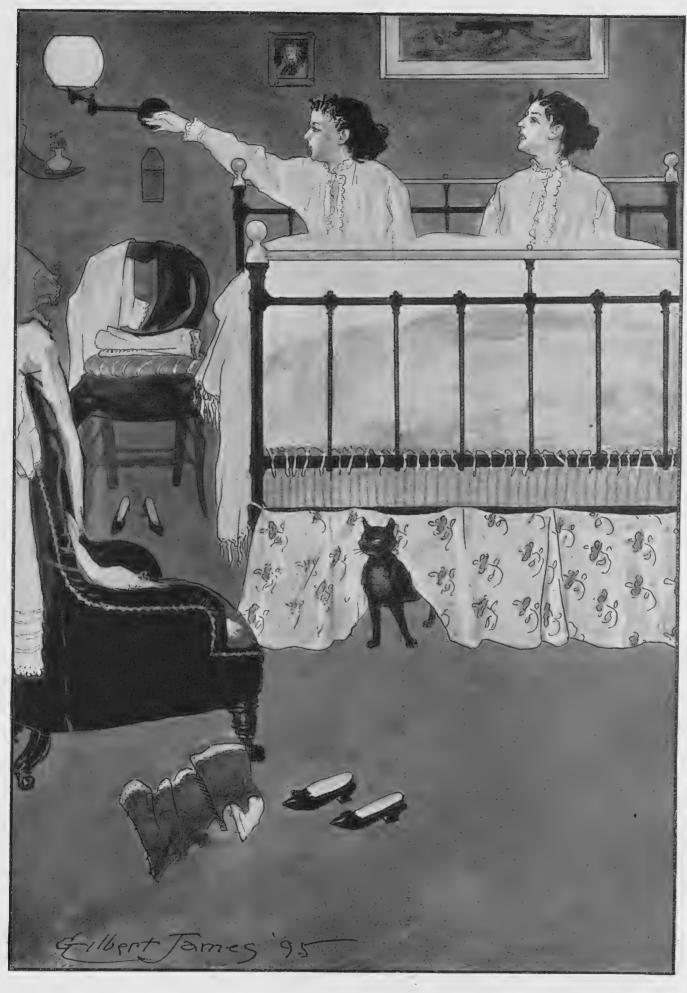
FROM A PROTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK,

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MARCH.





[&]quot;Why, you haven't looked under the bed to night."
"Oh, no! I daren't. I thought I heard a man there."

"THE VAGABOUNDERS."

Scene: The Vagabounders' Club. The Committee are occupied with the election of candidates.

THE CHAIRMAN. Before commencing to ballot for the candidates on our list, I would remind you that it is the duty of the "Vagabounders" to maintain the character for exclusiveness which a free use of blackballs has given us. You have an exceedingly delicate task to perform. The list of candidates whom you will be called upon to elect, or—ch?—to reject—(laughter)—contains the names of one or two men known to fame all over the civilised world-

FIRST JOHNNIE (interrupting). Fame be blowed! What the doose do we care for fame? We don't want any o' those pushin'; advertisin' chaps here. I'd "pill" Julius Cæsar himself if I thought he 'd lower the character of the club.

CHORUS OF OTHER JOHNNIES. Hear, hear!

SECOND JOHNNIE. I've got a rippin' idea. Tell you what, let's

are; we can appreciate ourselves. Our refinement is an acquired taste. The public can't understand us a little bit. Now, I'm very much afraid that Society will laugh at us if we blackball Mr. Cecilius Africanus. Besides, he happens to be in with a certain II.R.H. who might withdraw his name from the Club. Wouldn't this take the shine out of our swagger?

THIRD JOHNNIE. Not a bit. Besides, I'll give H.R.H. a hint.

He'll see the fun of the joke plain enough.

FIRST JOHNNIE. A club is a sort of social republic, where all men (once elected) are equal. With us the qualification is "smartness." When a man ain't smart, he ain't eligible. Empire-founding, patriotism, when a man ain t smart, he ain tengible. Empire-lounding, patriotism, administrative genius, indomitable energy, won't enable a man to pull with Johnnies like you and me. See? But, besides this, it happens that I've a personal objection to Cecilius Africanus. I wrote to him at the Cape askin' him to help my wife's cousin, Bertie, who left his regiment a bit under a cloud. You fellows remember Bertie. He went to Monte Carlo with his Colonel's wife—a deuced pretty woman! Well, Africanus, instead of writin' to me wrote to Bertie's old Colonel and Africanus, instead of writin' to me, wrote to Bertie's old Colonel, and asked for a character, as though he were goin' to take the little chap on to



"I say, old chap, got any Pyretic Saline? I've got a mouth like a rusty file."

"pill" all the chaps the public admire. Hero-worship's well enough in books, but there isn't room for that kind of gush in "The Vagabounders." We're as smart a lot as they make 'cm, and if we let in "outsiders," like Cecilius Africanus, whose name is first on the list, we shall soon tumble down to the level of the Athenaum or a University which confers honorary degrees.

THE CHAIRMAN. The last speaker seems to echo the general feeling of the club; but the question is one demanding serious consideration.

I suppose you've all heard of Cecilius Africanus

SECOND JOHNNIE. Rather! A good deal too much. He's an empire-maker, and that sort of thing. But the only Empire we care about, as a club, is in Leicester Square, not Africa. Look here, old chappies! I've a dashed good notion! Let's "pill" Cecilius Africanus for an advertisement! There isn't another club in the world that would have pluck enough. Why, this Africanus is one of those sportsmen whom they'll talk about in the history-books. "He built up an empire reaching from Cairo to the Cape," they'll say, "but he got 'pilled' at the 'Vagabounders'!'"

Exert Louyng (a lowingly) What a head you have got old hor!

FIRST JOHNNIE (admiringly). What a head you have got, old boy!

It's a splendid notion.

THE CHAIRMAN. While admitting the force of this proposal, gentlemen, I would remind you that it isn't a novel one, as the records of the Club show. We once rejected a rising statesman, and "pilled" a Peer who soon blossomed into a Prime Minister. I regret to say that neither of those courageous acts promoted the interests of the Club. We know what we

valet him. If this isn't a reason for "pillin" a man, there isn't one. That's all I've to say.

CHORUS OF JOHNNIES. "Pill" him, and let's get on to the next candidate.

[The result of the ballst is the "pilling" of Africanus.

THE CHAIRMAN. The next candidate is Mr. Salmon MacJacob, whose great wealth and splendid hospitality has endeared him to many members of the club. He is proposed by the Duke of Bareacres, and seconded by Lord Copperlack. I am sure you will all deal with this candidate in a friendly spirit.

Colonel Thriftless. But the fellow's a sixty-per-cent. Shylock

GENERAL MONEYPENNY (aside). Don't be an ass, Thriftless! The little Jew broker will put us on good things. Why, he owns more diamondmines than you do boot-trees!

[Mr. Salmon MacJacob is straightway elected, to the delight of the Johnnies who owe him their "pound of flesh" and are afraid he will put the screw on if they "pill" him.

THE CHAIRMAN. Then we have a poet-laureate, a famous discoverer, and an heroic explorer on the list. I might suggest, gentlemen, that the club is a little crowded.

[The Committee takes the hint. The illustrious personages are pilled,' and the members depart to the smoking-room for the PERCY WHITE. afternoon absinthe, or its equivalent.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY:

XXXVII.—"THE QUEEN," "THE FIELD," STHE LAW. TIMES," AND MR. MORACE, COX.

The art of reaching Mr. Horace Cox in his office in Bream's Buildings is not readily acquired. There are so many doors and so many stairs leading from those doors that the average man ages in the process. He sets out from Chancery Lane with a light step and airy gait; he is not



Photo by F. M. Sutc iffe, Whitby. MR. HORACE COX.

surprised to find that time has silvered his locks when at last he comes to the room of rooms. . And to every question that he may put to every office-boy, clerk, printer, and superior person, he will get the irritating reply, "Further on."

A little sane reflection leads one to the conclusion that this rampart of doors is very necessary to any man who has upon his shoulders the management of three such papers as the *Field*, the *Queen*, and the *Law Times*. "Be in with all the world, be out to everyone," so spoke a man of Germany who ran a little nation. But Mr. Horace Cox has more than a little nation to run; he has a colony of printers and publishers, an army of contributors to control, while lady journalists in hundreds—but hush! we are observed!

Like all men who habitually do a great deal of work, Mr. Cox wears the air of a man who does nothing. In his own room, where vast piles of papers, rolls of documents, fine collections of the first editions of Directories, torn envelopes, and a water-bottle complete a highly artistic chamber in the later *Renaissance* style, he sits like one who dreams It is quite impossible to believe that the mere vulgar details of profit and loss are of any concern to him. And yet he controls three of the greatest journalistic successes of the century, has an eye for the weaknesses of the strongest sub-editor, can tick farthings off estimates and make fortunes of them. Quel homme!

"Mr. Cox," said I, when we met for the purposes of this appreciation, "I am trusting that you starved?"

"I beg your pardon?" replied he; "I fail to catch the gist of your observation."

"Well, it was my hope that you came to London with some amount

under sixpence. I shall be sorry if we can't work in the starving."

"I am afraid it is not to be done," said he; "although, for the matter of that, I did come to London under strange circumstances. First of all, I tried a solicitor's office, which I hated; then they wanted to make a farmer of me, and after I left school—a private school—I was sent into the country for that purpose. But I had no taste for agricultural implements; I ran away."

"One moment!" cried I; "this is encouraging. Were there no

melodramatic moments attending that flight?"

He shook his head sadly. "No," said he, "I cannot admit even that. It was a prosaic circumstance. My uncle, Serjeant Cox, was then running the *Law Times*. I ran away to him, and begged him to relieve me of the agricultural instruments aforesaid. I remember reaching his chambers at nine o'clock in the morning, and very surprised he was to see me. But he had no taste for romance, none at

all. He insisted on my going back to the farm to make my apologies, and after that he took me into the business."

"You disappoint me," said I; "I was looking to hear that you were

found by a fat philanthropist sleeping under Waterloo Bridge."

He shook his head again.

"Is it quite impossible?" I asked.

"Quite," said he.

Then let us descend to miserable facts," said I. "Serjeant Cox was the founder of this business, I take it?"

"That is so; he founded the Law Times in the year 1843. He was "That is so; he founded the Law Times in the year 1843. He was the proprietor also of the Critic, the Clerical Journal, and many other papers which died deaths natural and otherwise. It was not until the year 1854 that the Serjeant purchased the Field, whose original proprietors were Bradbury and Evans, and after that Benjamin Webster. The Queen, you may know, was originally founded by S. O. Beeton, but my uncle purchased it in the year 1862. The great rival he had to face at that time was the Lady's Newspaper, started in the year 1847, a journal of some position and importance, but of no financial stability. He bought this enterprise in 1863—hence our title, The Queen, the Ladies' Newspaper." Newspaper."

"And everything went merry as a marriage-bell with all these ventures?" I asked. "There were no printers to clamour on the doormat; never a time when circulations were not represented by a unit and as many naughts as the prospectus would take?"

"Indeed!" said he, "nothing of the sort. I remember when I joined

the business the desperate straits we were in for cash. Many a time I have had to send despairing notes over to the Serjeant, telling him, for heaven's sake! to pay something into the bank, or we perished. Benjamin Webster lost nine thousand pounds over the *Field*. Here is one of his early printing-bills which shows what he was doing in the year 1854-

	_					
B.; Webster, Esq.	L	ond	ou, 2	Aug.	9,	1854.
Dr. to Petter	AND	GAL	PIN.			
Prin	ters,	Play	rlioù	se Y	ard	
Adjoining the Times Office.	Bridg	e St	rcet,	Bla	.ckf	iars.
Composing Field for Aug. 5, 1854	£22	10	0			
Less matter standing from previous edition	7	- 5	0.43	21	5 ()
Extra for proofs on pages and slips	***			0 13	3 ()
Authors' corrections				-1 - 10	0 ()
Night work				1	1 (}
Night work 84 columns chiefly small type and corrections to	2nd	edit	011	6	4 (3
New matter and corrections to 3rd edition				2 13	3 (}
Printing 2900 1st edition				3 10		
Remaking ready formes Printing 2nd and 3rd editions				1	0 ()
Printing 2nd and 3rd editions	***			0 8	3 (5
			-			-
			£	38	5 ()

"Poor Benjamin!" Mr. Cox continued, when I had read the document; "he found the Field a terrible burden to him. Here are a few scraps of letters which tell very plainly of the rather large rift in the lute. One is a note from William Knight, then assisting him—an appeal for an advance of salary, as you see-

Friday, The Field; or Gentleman's and Family Newspaper.
4, Brydges Street, Covent Garden.

DEAR Ba. BENJ., - Allow Luxton to give me to-night my salary, due

DEAR BY. BENJ.,—Allow Luxion to give me to-night my salary, due to-morrow (£4).

The Yacht Club meets at Freemasons' Tavern to-night, and I have an important rôle to enact. By this arrangement the Field treasury will escape reporter's charges.—Yours ever, William Knight.

Reply by Wilson "Yes" or "No."—W. K.

"Again, we have an unsigned letter to Webster, in which the writer refers to the above-mentioned Knight, and also to the possibility of disposing of the property. These are the words-

"Knight always has his money in advance. It certainly is a damnable thing that you should be compelled to keep on the infernal paper at a certain serious loss.

"That loss, as I say, was ultimately nine thousand pounds. The Field was heavy-going beyond experience for some years. But here is still another document—nothing less than an estimate for printing the paper in the year 1853, the year of its foundation—

Steam Printing Office, 5, Graystoke Place (leading from Cursitor Street to Fetter Lane), Nov. 7, 1853.

Sin,—I have gone carefully over the *Field* for Aug. 20, and I could undertake to print it in first-rate style from new type at the following rate. I have included the wood-cuts in the brevier, thinking the space they occupy would be an equivalent for the "bringing-up," &c. But I am open to correction on this point, if you think it unreasenable—

									£	s.	d.
33 cols. Brevier at 7s					4 + 4				11	11	()
13 ,, Minion at 8s 26 ,, Nonpareil at 11s.									5	-1	()
26 ,, Nonpareil at 11s.									14	-6	()
72 Extra for table and tabal	lar o	n 8 e	cols	at 4s.		***	•••	***	1	12	0
Deduct 8s. per col. for st	andi	ng a	idve:	rtiscı	nen	ts on	. 6 с	ols.		13 8	
								4	30	- 5	0

Alterations from copy extra. Machining £1 per 1000.

A room would be fitted up for the accommodation of the gentlemen, and I feel certain of giving every satisfaction if favoured with your commands. I should have no objection, also, to contract for the printing at the above sum.—I am, Sir, most respectfully yours,

— Beard, Esq.

"You will see," Mr. Cox added, "that the concern was not then of Gargantuan proportions. In the light of its subsequent development,

its failure is not easily to be accounted for. Mark Lemon himself was its first editor, and John Leech drew all the hunting-sketches. But years passed before it became the sporting paper—a claim, I think, we may now make for it:"

"Which you attribute to-

"Its accuracy and scope. There is no sport on which we do not write—no remote field of athletics in which we are not represented. Our Editor, Mr. Frederick Toms, works on the principle that sportsmen will read only a sportsman's work. Experts are our contributors. So will read only a sportsman's work. Experts are our contributors. So far as is possible, we invite the best men in every branch of sport to criticise and instruct their weaker brethren. The casual amateur is not a person for whom we kill the fatted calf. And, by long persistence in this course, we have made the Field known in every quarter of the globe."

"And the same statement applies, of course, to the Queen? May I ask, in Elizabethan English, what first boomed the Queen?"

"Ah! that was very curious. The Queen was never a success until we divided it into departments, and began to answer questions. Ladies, you know, will ask questions; some of them are very curious questions. And the moment we undertook to be a bureau for the supply of information upon housekeeping, cookery, dress, and fashions, women's employment, home

employment, home decorations, &c., our circulation rose. Seriously, however, I think we owed much to our querists and our replies to thein; and coupling this with the best fashion-plates obtainable and a series of departments interesting to women helped

to give us the position we hold."

"Unassailable, of course, even in the light of recent competition?"

"Outton competi

"Quite; competition has not robbed us of the sale of a single copy, though I will not say that our development might not have been greater if competition had not come."

"Tell me, Mr. Cox,

did the Queen, her Majesty, ever take any interest in the Queen periodical?"
"Yes, original-

sketches by her Majesty have appeared in our pages, and the Princesses have contributed to our columns very frequently."

By the way," I said, "your son, Mr. Percy S. Cox, is now editing the Queen, I think?"

"Yes, he has occupied the chief seat since he came down from Trinity Hall. I venture to believe that he inherits the true journalistic

"But," said I, "he has never starved?"

Mr. Cox shook his head for the third time. And when he had told me that the chief policy of the Law Times has been to encourage and promote enlightened measures for the reform of the law and legal procedure, and that the paper was duly flourishing under the editorship of Mr. F. O. Crump, Q.C., I left him. A wonderful man and a wonderful business, indeed!

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W. MR. PERCY COX.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It was esteemed as an excellent sentiment when the poet first announced, through the mouth of a dramatic character, that he was a man, and nothing human was foreign to him. But philanthropy and interest in human doings have spread all too widely since then; and now it is the effort of the more refined to keep their affairs as foreign as possible from the observation of men, women, and New Journalists. In this modest aim they too often fail, or meet with inadequate success. Few men can achieve eminence without making many enemies; and none can rise high without, at least in semblance, acquiring the more fatal endowment of friends. Now, to make a man ridiculous or odious needs a skilful and fortunate enemy; but a foolish friend can give the keenest torture with his well-meant culogy. It is comparatively easy to forgive one's bitterest foe, especially if (as generally happens) he has not really done one much harm; but one is often tempted to adopt the desperate saying of Cosmo, Duke of Florence, and reserve an implacable vengeance for our friends.

Of all kind friends, the most deadly is the journalist. It is he who describes your personal appearance in his pictorial paragraphs, so that when you introduce yourself by name to anyone you are regarded as a clumsy impostor, without the slightest resemblance to the-real man. It is he who makes the public aware-that-you took a Wranglership in Pass Greats at St. Andrews, so that educated men begin to doubt whether you were ever at any university at all. It is he who learns that a marriage is contemplated between yourself and somebody that you don't know, or-worse still-that you do know. He announces the title of your new book, the plot of your forthcoming play, the particular impropriety of your next novel, that other kind friends may forestall each and all. And it is all so obviously kind and well-meant that no jury could be relied on to acquit you, on the ground of justifiable homicide, if you murdered your friend.

It is somewhat of a pity that Dr. Max Nordau confined the scope of his entertaining, if excessive, book to literature and art, thus necessarily excluding modern "personal" journalism. He could have pointed out the striking examples of his theories that every page of some journals can furnish. He could also have pointed out that the Press had demonstrated the moral insufficiency of the Golden Rule. If a writer would gladly surrender his whole private life to the gaze of the publicif he only has any privacy because others refuse to take any interest in his domestic affairs-he naturally concludes that he ought to do to any distinguished man as he would the distinguished man should do to him. He himself has never had a love affair that he would not gladly have turned into "copy"; therefore the development of a statesman's courtship shall be explained to a sympathising world in all the affluence of bad English and worse French.

This is simply a variety of "Degeneration," and comes under the heading of "Egomania." The person affected with this particular species of nervous defect sees himself in everything, and transports his own wishes and tastes into the personality of every other individual. It is not so much vanity, though it takes that form, as an inability to grasp an impression objectively. We are rarely good judges of ourselves and our own doings, and the egomaniae cannot judge anybody or anything apart from himself and his own ways. Hence, one Degenerate would proscribe classic statues because they awaken impure thoughts in his mind, and therefore in all other minds. Another would prohibit alcohol because he does not want it or like it himself, or possibly because his head is too weak to be subjected to its action, therefore nobody else can be trusted to take any alcoholic liquor. Suppose that men of education became the majority, would the modern journalist think it just to be fined or imprisoned for indulging in an "and which" and a split infinitive? Would he like to be forced to verify his quotations at a Government office, and take out a licence for French phrases? The habitual talking of nonsense is nearly as injurious to a man's mind as the habitual smoking of opium; but it would be an oppressive act to close the House of Commons on that account as a notorious "nonsense-den."

As the mind of the Degenerate fails to distinguish between his own tastes and those of other people, so it refuses to draw any line between the public and the private. Hence, the person of weak nerves either displays his own privacy in public, or resents any judgment of his public work as a personal insult. An imputation on private life and morals every author or artist or public man has a right to resent, even if it be true, unless, by legal proceedings or lapse of time, the private affairs of the individual fall into the public domain. It is an impertinence, though usually a harmless one, even to describe the ordinary life of a private person, or of a public man in his private capacity. But it is no personal insult to say that his book is nonsense, his picture a blur, his singing flat. For, by his publishing the book, exhibiting the picture, ascending the concert-platform, he has submitted his action to the judgment of anybody who cares to judge, and he cannot accept the favourable verdiets and reject or resent the unfavourable, or even the unfair. That is not playing the game according to the rules.

I myself-have doubtless expressed unfair judgments on some public performances. Other persons have expressed opinions concerning my public performances which did not commend themselves to me. I never protested; but if ever I had occasion to criticise my critics (occasions are not so scarce in this log-rolling world), and happened to think of something "smart" to say concerning them, I remembered the Golden MARMITON. Rule—and said it.

"MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR," SHE SAID. WAKELEE'S

CAMELLINE,

For the Complexion.

Miss ELLEN TERRY, Recommend WAKELEE'S CAMELLINE, a liquid which also commands the approval of the most eminent physicians and chemists, because it is perfectly harmless and non-poisonous.

WAKELEE'S CAMELLINE does not conceal and cover blemishes, but imparts to the complexion that healthy, youthful appearance so rarely, possessed by adults, i of envied by every lady, and so quickly missed by observers of sterner mind. It also removes all traces of sullowness, roughness, wrinkles, and other

Mme. PATTI,

Mrs. BANCROFT, while the tion fails application.

And many others.

It supersedes all face powders. Price 2s. 6d., of Chemists and Perfumers. Trial Sample free by post.
C. W. RANDALL, San Francisco, Cal., Sole Proprietor. British Dépôt: 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Noto Paper, 5 Quires, 1/- Court Envelopes, 1/- per 100.

Thin for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1/-

Mourning Envelopes, 1/6 per 100

Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1/6. ERATI

ry Sheet and Envelope watermarked HIERATICA. Reject Imitations.

Samples free.



ERATIC.

Any difficulty in obtaining, send stamps to HIERATICA Works, 68, Upper Thames St., London. Parcels Carriage Paid.

ppin & Mepps



ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES-

THE "THORWALDSEN" BOWL, IN STERLING SILVER.

STREET, E.C., & 158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W. OUEEN VICTORIA

(Facing the Mansion House).

Manufactory: Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

LIPTON'S TEAS ARE THE BES

THE WORLD. AND HAVE THE LARGEST SALE IN

CONTROLS THE TEA WARKET.

Has paid in duty for his week's clearance of Tea the largest cheque ever received by Her Majesty's Customs, London, viz.:

£35,365 9s. 2d.

This represents over one half of the average weekly payments for duty paid by the entire Tea Trade on the whole of the Tea imported into Great Britain.

Tea Merchant

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT



TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen.

LIPTON'S TEAS gained THE HIGHEST and ONLY AWARD in THE BRITISH SEC-TION at the WORLD'S FAIR. CHICAGO.

NOTE THE PRICES

The Finest Tea the World can Produce.

RICH, PURE, AND FRACRANT, PER 1/- AND 1/4 LB.

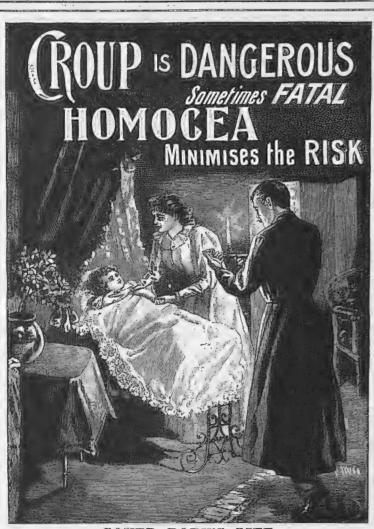
Also packed in 5, 7, and 10 lb. Patent I ancy Air-light Canisters, and delivered, Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb., to any address in Great Britain. Orders by Post may be addressed to the Chief Offices, Bath St., London, E.C.

TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER, CEYLON. The Largest Tea, Coffee, and Provision Dealer in the World.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, Gigranella, and Karandagalla, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office; Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Strest: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousic Square, Calcutta. Tea and Coffee Sale-Rooms: Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea-Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Cayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peerless Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Rousting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufactory: Old Street, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale and Export Provision Warehouses: Nelson Place, LONDON, E.C. Fruit Preserve Factory: Spa Road, Bermondsey, LONDON, S.E. General Offices: Bath Street, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE. AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS OF LIPTON'S TEA SOLD WEEKLY IN GREAT BRITAIN ALONE.



SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

A LADY WRITES: "I have to thank you for the service of your valuable HOMOCEA, I can testify with truth it saved the life of my dear baby. It had bronchitis and oping cough severely after measles.

—I sent for some, and rubbed it thoroughly aby's chest, back, and soles of its feet; and in ten minutes the dear little lamb could nourishment, and is now doing well.?"

MOGEA



TOUCHES THE

Afflicted with Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema, Burns, Toothache, Faceache, Chilblains, Boils, Ulcers, Stings, Chaps, and all kindred Ills and Complaints.

Influenza

In our judgment Homocea should prove almost a specific for ordinary cases of Influenza. At first put a little up the nostrils, well back, and then one hour afterwards take a lump about the size of a hazel-nut internally. This is easily done by throwing it back in the throat and swallowing some water. Homocca contains nothing injurious—neither **Laudanum**, **Menthol**, **Mineral**, or any narcotic.

As a preventative of Influenza, some should be put up the nostrils two

or three times a day. If the nose, eyes, or throat are affected, a half teaspoonful might be put in a cup of boiling water, and the fumes inhaled through the mouth and nostrils, a flannel cloth being thrown over the head. We are convinced that this treatment will prove beneficial.

HOMOCEA is sold by Dealers in Medicine at 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or can be had direct from HOMOCEA CO., Ltd., 22, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD, post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Postal Orders preferred. London Dépôt: HOOPER, Chemist, 43, King William Street, E.C. Indian Dépôt (Wholesale and Retail): 2nd Line Beach, Madras, F. M. Bowden, Agent.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. Whistler has added to his accomplishments a peculiar knowledge of the law, as it is administered in France. He made the intimate acquaintance of the English law in his celebrated case against Mr. Ruskin years ago, when twelve men in a box gave him a farthing damages for Mr. Ruskin's opinion that a pot of paint flung at a canvas would produce a Whistler. The world's diversion did not end with this remarkable verdict, for do we not owe to it "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and other examples of Mr. Whistler's priceless humour? Some people think that the Whistlerian irony has been overcultivated; but consider the original impulse! That twelve British jurymen should have been called upon to determine a question of art was a jest that might have made archangels hold their sides. If Mr. Whistler's quips have been somewhat extravagant since then, think of him haunted by the foreman of a jury, pricking his fancy to fantastic mirth!

But the law has a humour of its own, and of a better quality sometimes than that which tickles obsequious ushers and provokes a responsive grin from the Junior Bar. In the Paris case the laugh appears to me to be against Mr. Whistler. He wrote a letter, accepting certain terms for a commission, and he explained later that this was ironical. The joke was injudicious, for the French tribunal has construed it as a literal contract. I see that one of Mr. Whistler's literary friends cites this as a proof that the machinery of justice ought to have no control over artists. If a painter agrees, says this advocate, to execute a portrait for a certain sum, but discovers, when he has completed the work, that it is a masterpiece which he did not anticipate, he ought to be at liberty to treat his contract as waste paper. This delightful principle of ethics has obviously a wider application. You agree to write a book for a specified sum. If the spirit does not move you to greatness, you take your money with equanimity; but, if an irresistible genius guides your pen, you say to the publisher, "Look here, when I made that arrangement I did not know I was one of the Immortals. The contract which is binding on mediocrity has no hold upon the sublime." If the publisher should invoke the law, he will fall to the degrading level of the patron who, having given a commission, actually expects the artist to do

Evidently laws were made for prosaic citizens—sleek-headed men who sleep o' nights, and cannot tell a great artist from a house-painter. Sir Thomas Lucy did not see the genius in young Shakspere; he merely saw the impudent deer-stealer. So he has come down to us as Master Shallow, and as the hero of the satirical verses which tell us to "Sing lowsic Lucy, whatever befall it." Perhaps we shall have a new edition of the "Gentle Art," in which the absurd inquisitiveness of the French judges about a certain cheque for a hundred guineas—for all the world as if it had gone into the pocket of a Panama jobber, and not of the peer of Velasquez—will be properly held up to odium. The only drawback is an uncomfortable suspicion that in this particular instance Mr. Whistler's irony has been capped by dull administrators.

As Mr. George Redford's appointment cannot be undone, let us hope at least that he has more sense of humour than his friends. Somebody who loves "fair play" with a love that passes all understanding has been writing in an evening paper to justify the appointment, first, because Mr. George Redford's father used to write about pictures; secondly, because the new Examiner of Plays has shown by his management of a branch bank that he knows how to earn his livelihood. This, it seems, is a wholesome lesson to the mere artistic person, whose sustenance is notoriously precarious. I do not see what the moral has to do with the fitness of the new Censor, but it ought to be a useful hint to experienced playwrights. Let them give us a hero who, by strict attention to business, becomes the manager of a bank, and is rewarded not only with the hand of the heroine, but with the degree of D.C.L. from one of the Universities. He might say in his speech at the wedding breakfast: "My father was a great authority on old china. I have always earned a decent salary at the bank. Thus it is, my friends, that I became entitled to that distinction which the University of Oxford has just conferred upon me." Don't you hear the deafening cheers of the pit at this climax?

Such, no doubt, must be the realistic drama of the future. Meanwhile, we have experiments in "free unions," and claborate studies of temperaments, and one despairing critic cries, "Give us back the days of 'Sweet Lavender!'" and another says he prefers Mr. Augustin Daly's farce, "The Railroad of Love," because it is adapted from the

"wholesome German." Mr. Pinero is told that, although his play at the Garrick has some of the highest qualities of the dramatist's art, it ought never to have been written. However, he is to suffer the penalty of his rashness, for the public is weary of these dreadful speculations on the stage, and longing to be restored to its high chair, and its bib, and the spoon-meat which was so "wholesome." Like the infant Bardell, we yearn for our "alley-taws," and call on our nurses to take away the Agnes Ebbsmiths and Lucas Cleeves who fill us with horror by discussing topics which no childlike public ever dreams of.

But, strange to say, this public appears to be a myth invented by critics whose minds are so saturated with fairy-tales that they do not know when the world has grown up. The Garrick is thronged every night by people who rather enjoy an atmosphere of ideas-incongruous ideas, some of them, but at least on speaking terms with the facts of life. The play is interesting, for the most part, because it deals with real character and emotion, because it is essentially human, and because it shows us that ebb and flow of temperament so common in actual existence, so rare among the conventions of the stage. How is the man who can write such a drama to go back to the "Sweet Lavender" school, even if he were disposed to respond to the cry for the bib and the spoon and the high chair? Mr. Buchanan says that "problem" plays have driven the public to the variety show, as if the popularity of that sort of entertainment were a new thing. Has Mr. Buchanan forgotten the days when the London stage was almost entirely given up to burlesque and opera-bouffe? Yet the playgoer was not troubled by problems then; and their attraction now simply indicates the growth of the dramatist's observation and power of analysis.

Mr. Rider Haggard is unmoved by the prayer of a journal, strongly in sympathy with his political views, that he should not give up to agriculture what was meant for the admirers of "King Solomon's Mines." Mr. Haggard desires to enter Parliamentary life, and expound to his countrymen nothing more romantic than the necessity of a duty on foreign flour. It is dreaded that, once in the House of Commons, his fancy will roam no more through African wilds, with ladies who have lived for centuries, and mighty warriors who crack skulls as lightly as the ratepayer breaks the morning egg. Possibly the literary artist would suffer some loss of delicacy in the Parliamentary atmosphere. If Mr. Henry James, now, were to enter the House as the champion of agriculture, his style might show some decay of subtlety. But Mr. Haggard is too robust a romancer to run this risk, and his prose can scarcely offer any new suggestion of a hand which has been kneading flour.

Still, great national questions sometimes have an injurious effect on a literary method. Mark Twain has done himself no good by propounding answers to the conundrum, "What can France teach America?" He has been much heated by Paul Bourget's criticisms of American institutions, and he has retorted with some strictures on the French, which have roused the ire of Max O'Rell. That genial humorist lays down the principle that, when a man spends a few months in a foreign country, he cannot have opinions about it, but only impressions. Very well; but when Max O'Rell says there is more repulsive vice in a square block of Chicago or San Francisco than in a square mile of Paris, is this an impression or an opinion? The assertion has a fine statistical sound, though neither France nor America may be much enlightened by this bandying of blocks and square miles of vice across the Atlantic. But in point of temper and taste Max O'Rell has distinctly the advantage of his antagonist.

International amenities are never very profitable, and therefore I look with apprehension on the growing disposition of the Scot to gird at the Southron. Here is the Earl of Wemyss, who says that if the English had any intelligence, they would have learned golf when James I. brought the game over the Border. It has taken us some three hundred years to get an inkling of the charms which lurk in the "tee" and the "bunker," and yet we show our obstinate stupidity by suggesting that, after all, golf is the pastime of the middle-aged. Benighted Southrons are writing to the papers to say that no recreation deserves to be numbered among classic "sports" unless it demands What is the plack of strolling over the "pluck and endurance." links with a club in your hand? If it comes to that, how much courage is needed to bag pheasants, or even to ride to hounds? No sport in these islands save football offers any temptation to the native savage. But why the harmless, necessary, middle-aged English citizen cannot play golf, free from this insolent brandishing of claymores, I do not know. Was Flodden fought in vain?

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

I ought to apologise to gallant little Wales. The fact is, I was a little too previous last week in assuming that England would defeat the Principality. Even now I can't make out why England did not win. I feel quite certain the Rose has not been better represented for years, and, although the Welshmen made a magnificent defence, England was the chief aggressor during the ninety minutes of the game. Even

allowing, however, that Trainer is the prince of goal-keepers, that Jones and Parry are two of the best backs playing for League clubs in England, that the Welsh half-backline included Casar the Great, of Small Heath—I say, after allowing for all these things, England ought to have scored more than once. One cannot, however, grudge Wales the partial success of playing a drawn game against England. It was sheer pluck, wedded to genuine defensive ability; that led to this result.

On the English side, no reputations can be said to have been made, but, on the other hand, more than one had a serious blemish east upon it. The cleven, as a whole, played much below their form, and one or two came very near being utter failures. Among those who played really well may be included Lodge, Wreford-Brown, R. C. Gosling, and G. O. Smith.

Mr. L. V. Lodge, the Corinthian and Cambridge University back, is one of that small body of footballers who, by sheer energy and enthusiasm, leap to the front with a rush, while others gain their reputation by steady perseverance. It may be that the South cannot at the present time boast many really "class" men in this position on the Association field; but, even were it otherwise, this young Cantab — he is only twenty one — would have few superiors, his dash and tact alike proving him the born footballer. Mr. Lodge,



MR. G. O. SMITH, OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.



J. GRAHAM, CAPTAIN MILLWALL F.C.

Photo by Hellis and Sons, Regent Street, W.

who stands 5 ft. 10½ in., and weighs 11 st. 6 lb., was born at Ayeliffe, near Darlington, and, until he went "up" to Cambridge, in 1891, had disported solely under Rugby rules at Durham School; but it was soon discovered his forte was "Socker." Though occasionally filling the centre-forward position for Magdalene College in minor matches, his best performances have been at back, where throughout the present season he has lent invaluable assistance to the Corinthians. Mr. Lodge's view is that backs should keep up close to their halves, and "mark" the inside-wing men; and in his own case these tactics have proved so effective that he was again the recipient of International honours. Considering the bold game he plays, the Light Blue may congratulate himself upon the fact that he has only once suffered injury. This was at Glasgow, on New Year's Day last, when, against Queen's

Park, he put his knee out. On straightening the leg, the joint went back to its place, and he pluckily finished the game, but he subsequently had to take a rest. Mr. Lodge has also won several prizes at Durham and Magdalene for the Hundred Yards, the High Jump, and the Hurdles, besides having played for the Durham County cricket eleven in all its last year's fixtures. There is a brilliant career before this athlete.

Mr. G. O. Smith, another of our amateur Internationals, is by many considered one of the



MR. L. V. LODGE, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.



MR. COLIN GORDON, CHAIRMAN MILLWALL F.C.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

best centre - forwards ever seen upon the field. Weighing under 11 st., and reaching 5ft. 10 in., the Oxonian may be thought rather on the light side; but that this physical handicap affects him little is proved by his prolific goal - scoring powers, while his passing is invariably neat and judicious. His idea of a centre's duties is thus expressed: "As far as I am able to judge at all, the great thing is to feed one's wings a great deal. Of course, short passing to the insides is invaluable; but an outside has so often a chance of a clear opening, and, for want of being fed, misses it. Another thing is to go straight when one gets the ball—not to turn and twist about." Mr. Smith, who was born at Croydon, on Nov. 25, 1872, began his career at the Rev. R. Sainsbury's Preparatory School, Godalming. He was at Charterhouse from 1886 to 1892, figuring in the eleven four years— three as captain. For his first two seasons he played outsideright, and it was as inside-right he received his cap against Ireland in 1893; but it is the general opinion that his proper place is at centre. Apart from football, Mr. Smith bears a considerable reputation in the summer game as a steady batsman, his highest being 229 v. Westminster, 113 in the Freshmen's Match at Oxford, and 109 against Wellington. He has also represented his school at fives.

After all, two old stagers are the finalists for the Association Cup, teams which have both held the Cup previously as well as taken part in several of the final ties. As a matter of fact, Aston Villa and West Bromwich have twice met previously in the final tie, and each has a victory to its credit. The great match, therefore, at the Crystal Palace on April 20 will not only settle the destination of the Cup, but will be in the nature of a rubber game between those two great Midland clubs. It is noteworthy that the same pair will have to meet in a week or two in the final for the Birmingham Cup. Accommodation is being provided at the Crystal Palace for 70,000 spectators, and it is expected that something approaching that number will be present.

ing that number will be present.

The position of Millwall Athletic, as the undisputed head of the Southern League, is largely due to the business capacity and energy of Colin Gordon,

[Continued on page 485.

HINDE'S
HAIR
CURLERS.

BRIGHT METAL.

English Patents,
Nos. 2115 and 10769.



Sold in 6d. and 1s.

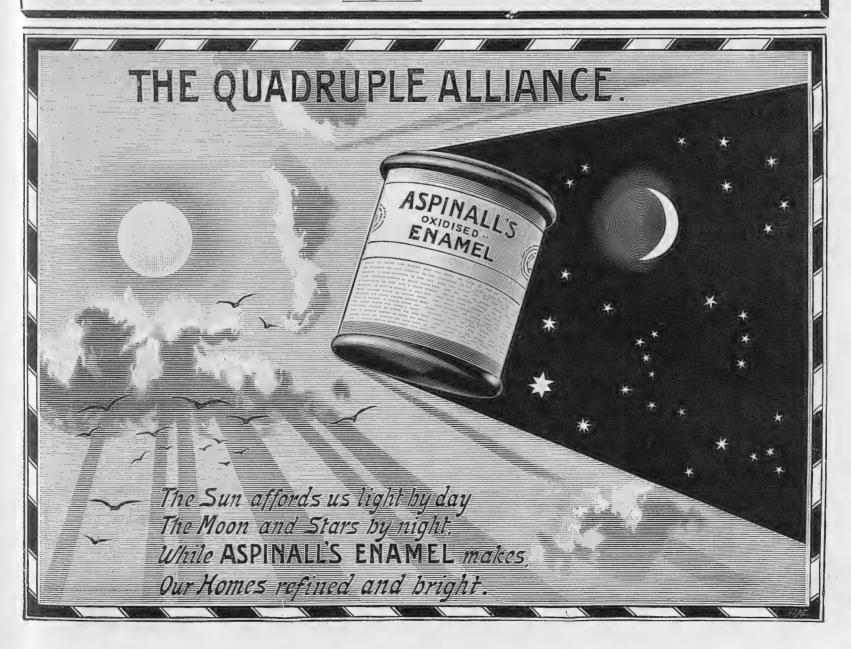
USED
WITHOUT
HEAT.

Boxes, of all
Hairdressers, Drapers,
and Fancy Houses
throughout the
three Queendoms.

Ainder Roberts to the Mind



HINDES LIMITED, Manufacturers of Hair Brushes & Toilet Articles, LONDON & BIRMINGHAM.



HOVIS

BREAD



If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.

Bakers recommending any other Bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit. Beware!

Chronic Indigestion.

(The Early Symptoms.)



The approach of this obstinate complaint may be clearly recognised by pain, fullness, and general uneasiness after food, loss of appetite (especially for breakfast), foul tongue, nausea, sleepiness, flushings of the face, redness about the nose, sick headache, and giddiness. By bracing up the mucous membrane of the stomach, increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the gastric juice, Guy's Tonic acts in an almost miraculous way on every form of dyspepsia.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"Will you allow me to add my "testimony to the great value of "Guy's Tonic? It restored my "appetite, cleared the tongue, and "acted most beneficially on the "liver and nerves. It also gave "me refreshing sleep, freedom "from dreams, and a pleasant "waking. The distressing symptoms of melancholia and desemble "spondency have never returned "since I took the first bottle."

Concerning Guy's Tonic.

This wonderful medicine restores, strengthens, and builds up from the first dose, continuing to cure, until perfect health is established. Guy's Tonic is composed of simple tinctures, purely of vegetable origin, and is the most valuable remedy in the world for diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Nerves

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores and the usual medicine vendors throughout the world. It is prepared at 6, Sloane Square, London, S.W., under the supervision of a qualified Pharmacist, and is widely recommended by medical men.

BOVRIL versus INFLUENZA

WHAT THE PHYSICIAN SAYS:

"With regard to BOVRIL, I cannot speak too highly, believing as I do, after much experience, that it is superior to any other similar preparation in the market, in point of nutritive value and delicacy of flavouring. I may just add that I prescribed it exclusively during the recent epidemic of Influenza, and although I attended over 700 cases of every form of severity, and with every possible complication, I did not lose a single

"DOUGLAS LITHGOW, M.D., LL.D., M.R.C.P., &c."

NO CHICAGO MEAT
EXTRACT IS USED
IN THE
MANUFACTURE OF BOVRIL.



THE FORGETFUL HUSBAND.

"The small string on your glove is to give you fair warning that we are still without water, and unless you can get it turned on there will be no dinner when you come home, and the larger string is to remind you that whatever else you may forget you must not forget BOVRIL."

WHAT THE PATIENT SAYS:

To the Editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post," March 6, 1895.

CURE FOR INFLUENZA.

"Sir,—I beg to remind your readers of a speedy cure in my own case of Influenza. A letter with reference to it appeared in your columns nearly four years ago. Treatment: Four dessert-spoonfuls of Cod-Liver Oil daily and Four Cuos of STRONG HOT BOVRIL in addition to ordinary meals. For one day I was totally incapacitated, on the next convalescent, on the third day well.

the third day well.
"Yours, &c.,
"GEO.S. HAZLEHURST, J.P.,
"The Grange, Rock Ferry.

AUSTRALIA AND SOUTH
AMERICA ARE THE SOLE
SOURCES OF OUR
BOVRIL EXTRACT SUPPLY.

the chairman, and to the splendid abilities of Jack Graham as captain of the team. Mr. Gordon is a fine judge of football form, having graduated with the famous Queen's Park, of Glasgow, while Graham, the captain, is an athlete of splendid physique, and one of the best backs in the South of England.

No club matches under Rugby rules are more fraught with interest than the meetings of London Scottish and Blackheath. Although the Scottish had whipped up an exceptionally strong side, which included seven Internationals, they not only failed to beat Blackheath, but were themselves defeated by 11 points to 5. The whole explanation is to be found in the fact that the London Scottish were weak forward. It is becoming more and more evident every day that it is the forwards that win or lose matches. Nothing in the way of great names and reputa-tions could have appeared stronger than the men who represented Scotland behind the scrummage; but, with the forwards unable to give them chances as an attacking body, they were occupied, for the most part, in defence. Another illustration of the importance of great backs behind moderate forwards was seen in the Wales v. Ireland match at Cardiff. This was the last Rugby International of the season, and the nations engaged were fighting for the distinguished honour of the wooden spoon. The Irish forwards, although not at full strength, played up so well that they were first to score, and they kept the Welsh backs so much on the defensive that they, in turn, could score only once. Wales, however, had the advantage of having a goal kicked for their try, while Ireland's try remained unconverted. while Ireland's try remained unconverted.

GOLF.

It is quite evident that Cambridge University is not going to be defeated in every athletic event this season. The Cantabs made a good start by defeating the Dark Blues at golf over the famous Sandwich course. The result came as a great surprise, especially as the Oxford men had been making splendid scores over their own links. There is, however, a world of difference between play at Oxford and playing over the St. George's Club course at Sandwich, which is certainly one of the most difficult links to negotiate in England.

COURSING.

The Waterloo Coursing Meeting this year has been a great success. The Cup was won by Mr. Leonard Pilkington's Thoughtless Beauty, who is half-sister to Texture, last year's winner, and she was bred by the Messrs. Thompson, from whom she was purchased by her present owner, Mr. Pilkington, who won the Waterloo Cup in 1888 with



Fhoto by Walter Stone, Newton-! - Willow.

THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP AND HER TRAINER, JOE WRIGHT.

Burnaby, for the small sum of thirty-six guineas. The only appearance of Thoughtless Beauty as a puppy was in the Border Union Stakes at Longtown, where she won one course; but at Purdysburn, last September, she ran through an important stakes. A fortnight later, she carried off the Clifton Cup at Lytham, and was not seen out again until the present week.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I, for one, should be very surprised if Tom Loates does not go very close to heading the list of winning jockeys in 1895. It will be



T. LOATES.

remembered that, during the closing months of last season, he was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, which militated, to a certain extent, against his success. Now, however, Tom is in the best of health, thanks to the able advice given him by Dr. Tom Robinson, a brother of Judge Robinson, and to a stay at Bourne-mouth. T. Loates has splendid prospects, as he will this year ride for Hayhoe's and Jewitt's stables, and both trainers named have some promising two-year-olds. Loates has done a lot of hunting during the winter—that is, when the weather permitted. He also went in strongly for skating, while for the last three weeks he has ridden daily at

exercise. He ought, therefore, to be in the pink of condition just now, and I think he will have a successful time, especially after the May month. He rides with great judgment, is a smart finisher, and, what is more, is perfectly fair to other competitors in a big field.

The Grand National is likely to be a very interesting contest, at any rate, and it is gratifying to know that we have so many amateur and professional riders who are willing to risk their necks in riding some of the animals engaged. As to the result of the race, I think now-as I thought when the weights came out—that, bar accidents, Cloister will win easily, and the placed horses may be Æsop and Leybourne, the latter a beautiful animal, who does not, however, always give his best running.

Sam Loates has for years been a shining middle-weight jockey. He graduated at Stockbridge, under Tom Cannon, who is the ablest mentor

in this country. is, like his elder brother Charles—better known as "Ben"—a very good judge of horseflesh, and he could gauge the value of any trial in which he was engaged to a nicety. Sam has ridden two or three very bad horses for me before now, and he gave the greatest satisfaction by the manner in which he handled them. He is very tender with delicate two-year-olds, and extremely patient with roguish horses. He roguish horses. has a good master in M. R. Lebaudy, and I hope to see Samuel on the back of some good winners during this season. He can shoot pigeons and ride straight to hounds, and is, I believe, one of the best billiard-players at New-



Photo by Clarenes Hailey, St. John's Wood. S. LOATES.

market. A great point in his favour is the fact that he never requires to waste, and is therefore at all times strong and well, and fit to do justice to his mount.

The City and Suburban will now come in for attention at the hands of speculators. Mr. Dorling, who is now a J.P. for Surrey, is a most successful handicapper, and it is seldom that the "unbeatable certainties" get home first at Epsom. I think, though, big handicaps suffer in the long run when the public fails to find the winner in a series of years. long run when the public fails to find the winner in a series of years. However, the "City" has gone strong up to now, probably because owners like to see their colours carried at Epsom.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

Welsh Disestablishment is on again, and Mr. Asquith, who gets nearly all the plums in the Ministerial pudding, has again made a brilliant appearance. I see Mr. Stead has been calling Mr. Asquith a "sobersides." So, perhaps, he is—certainly he is not a Randolph Churchill or a Disraeli. But, if his personality is a little wanting in colour, it is never lacking in strength. Mr. Asquith is something more than a lawyervery much more—but he has the lawyer's gift of getting up his brief and never failing in his presentment of it. Take Welsh Disestablishment. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gets up, and hammers away in strong, monotonous, partisan tones at, the surface facts of the case, and nobody is really a whit the wiser. Mr. Asquith gets up his history, develops his leading points with perfect clearness and balance, and even gives his speech a certain touch of religious feeling, which was not, perhaps, conspicuous in his earlier deliverances on the Bill. The result was that the House listened, fascinated and enthralled by the mastery, the dexterity, the rightness of tone, and the admirable clocution, so much so that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was moved to confess that the Home Secretary's audience had enjoyed an "intellectual treat." I'm afraid the same could not be said for Sir Michael. Now and then he made a strong point, but the speech, sing-song in delivery, and strung to a rather fatiguing pitch of denunciatory rhetoric, wanted life and go. I confess, I could not listen to the whole of it, and the audience dropped away alarmingly as it progressed. It is nearly always so with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. His voice is finer than Mr. Asquith's; his presence is undeniably more distinguished; his experience of the House of Commons is much longer than the Home Secretary's. Yet you have the spectacle of an agile modern mind easily bettering the slower, more old-fashioned, intellectual machinery which Sir Michael

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

But the real amusement of the House has been, not Welsh Disestablishment, which is decorous but not rollicking, but the race for the Speakership stakes. I am afraid it has been rather an indecent business. The premature disclosure of Mr. Peel's intention to retire has caused a most prolonged and most unsparing personal canvass of the merits and demerits (chiefly, of course, the latter) of the possible candidates; and it has come very near disrupting the Unionist party. The strangest thing of all has happened in regard to Mr Courtney. There can be no doubt The strangest thing that, at one time, he was simply thrown overboard by the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain in deference to Mr. Arthur Balfour's insistence on Sir Matthew White Ridley. A proud man, he felt the slight, and determined that he would not stand provided a rival were to be set up. Of course, this decision greatly embarrassed the Government. Sir William Harcourt had all along pressed for Mr. Courtney, and had brought the whole Cabinet with him. More than this, he had strongly protested against Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's candidature, and had declared that he regarded the Secretary for War as indispensable to the Administration, and that, in a word, he could not let him go. What, therefore, was to be done? Mr. Courtney had refused, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was out of the question; it was beneath the dignity of the Government to support a party nominee of the Tories, and it looked as if the Liberals would have to fall back on respectable men like Mr. Gully, of whom little was known, and who, with all his charm of appearance and popularity, might prove not strong enough for the position.

THE ANTI-COURTNEY CAVE.

What, therefore, was to be done? The Cabinet of last week broke up without coming to any decision but to let things simmer awhile, and see what the House thought. Suddenly light came out of the darkness. Things went badly over the Leamington "deal." There can be no doubt that the arrangement between Tories and Unionists was that there should be a Tory Speaker in exchange for a Liberal-Unionist member for Leamington. This little plot fell through on account of the revolt of the Leamington local Tories, led by Mr. Nelson, who is a man of considerable strength of purpose. What, therefore, was to be done? Straightway matters chopped round. Supposing Mr. Courtney were, after all, to be the best of all possible Speakers? Supposing that, after all, a Tory were let in for Leamington? I don't say that all this took place in black and white, but certain it is that the Tory-Unionist notion of blocking out Mr. Courtney in favour of Sir Matthew White Ridley has, to some extent, fallen through. No doubt there was another sort of set against Mr. Courtney. He is not precisely the kind of man whom the aristocratic Tory takes to. Mr. Courtney is now and then addicted to the wearing of brown frock-coats, pleasingly varied by a yellow waisteoat; he is a very learned and a very cultured man; but his descent is not supposed to be of the unadulterated purity of; bay, the Marlboroughs or the Richmonds. Most wonderful of all, certain Radicals have discovered that it is necessary to have a man of birth and breeding for the Speaker, and have conveyed their wish with all solemnity to very high quarters. However, I faney that all this kind of talk is finding its level, and that, after all, the House will settle on Mr. Courtney as the best and ablest and most high-minded man who could serve it in a very great office. Possibly Mr. Courtney may be now and then a trifte stiff in the Chair, but that he will make an admirable Speaker, and one satisfactory to all sections of the House, I have no manner of doubt.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The resignation of the Speaker has brought about a quarrel between Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists at Leamington for the seat to be vacated. There would be no particular reason why this local dispute should affect the parties at large; but, unfortunately, it is not an isolated instance. The Conservatives are not exactly satisfied with the way Mr. Chamberlain has been "bossing the show" lately, and the Leamington quarrel has caused a good deal of plain thinking and not a little plain speaking on the subject of the Unionist alliance, and may bring the matter to a head.

THE UNIONIST COMPACT.

I am not one to disparage the Unionist alliance. From 1886 to 1892 it worked very smoothly, and undoubtedly saved Great Britain from Irish Home Rule. Also, I feel rather strongly that, while there is a distinct Conservative reaction in England, the seats the Unionists expect to gain in Scotland will probably depend on the increased Liberal-Unionist vote. But it cannot be denied that in the "give and take" of Unionist seats, as between Liberal-Unionist and Conservative candiates, the former have managed to strain the compact of 1886 in such a way as to get all the advantage hitherto. Before 1886, Liberals and Conservatives were formally opposed, and, in a good many seats where the Liberal members adopted Unionism, Conservatives would have probably been returned then if it had not been arranged that Liberal conversions should be rewarded. But, in the ordinary way, some of these seats would gradually have come round to Conservatism had it not been that the Liberal-Unionists were considered sacred, and also had it not been felt that in the end the two parties came to much the same thing. While Home Rule was still possible, no soreness was felt. But now that Home Rule is practically out of the way, and matters are brought forward on which, in Opposition, the Liberal-Unionists think as Liberals, and the Conservative-Unionists as Conservatives—matters like the Irish Land Bill or the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church—this "hands-off" attitude on the part of the Liberal-Unionists becomes galling. Nobody wants to oppose one of the Unionists of 1886, but when one of these patriotic members falls out, it often seems rather absurd that some young candidate should be put up by the Liberal-Unionists, as though they had a "right" to the seat. The Speaker's seat is a particularly gross case of these tactics. Mr. Peel is always treated now as a Liberal-Unionist, but he was an ordinary Gladstonian Liberal when last he contested Leamington, and in 1886 and 1892 he was unopposed, not for any change of views, but as Speaker. There is some reason, therefore, for feeling that Mr. Chamberlain was 1 ather "sharp" in asserting a claim for a Liberal-Unionist to be elected in his place instead of the old Conservative candidate who fought Mr. Peel in 1885, and has waited ever since for his retirement. Moreover, a similar claim is being made at Hythe, where Sir E. Watkin is retiring. Sir E. Watkin has lately been classed as a Liberal-Unionist, but in 1885, when he was last opposed for that seat, he was elected as a Conservative against a Liberal. Such seats as these, it is argued, ought not to be claimed by the Liberal-Unionists as within the 1886 compact. Mutual concessions may possibly end the quarrel, but, at present, neither party seems Mutual concessions disposed to give way.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POSITION.

In making such a claim at Leamington, Mr. Chamberlain is felt to be fighting for his own hand and party, and this astute politician is not quite popular in Tory circles just now. He has made a mess of things so far this session, and, if the influenza and internal discussions do bring the Government down, it will be by no help from the manœuvring for which Mr. Chamberlain has recently been responsible. The session opened with a chance of beating the Government quite early, and Mr. Chamberlain was given a free hand to bring about a defeat if he could. He has egregiously and ignominiously failed, and the Government would be stronger now, if it were not for Lord Rosebery's illness, than when they began the year. Moreover, the Liberal-Unionist leader has gone out of his way to make remarks about the "inevitableness" of Welsh Disestablishment, particularly irritating to Conservatives; and generally it is felt that Mr. Balfour gives way to him much more than the Conservatives have a right to expect. There is no use in trying to conseal all this saveness. It is a foretaste of the inevitable rearrange. conceal all this soreness. It is a foretaste of the inevitable rearrangement of the Radical and Conservative parties when once llome Rule is formally, as well as practically, shelved. But the time for anything like a serious split has not yet come. The Duke of Devonshire may be trusted to keep some control over his colleague in the Commons. Mr. Chamberlain, in his more Radical moods, is a dangerous person, from the Tory point of view, but the really ultra-Tory Duke of Devonshire is still the Liberal-Unionist leader, and has considerably more weight in the country, outside the Birmingham area, than he. Only the extreme debility of the Home Rule Party could admit of any dispute between Unionists just now. But, if the next elections bring in an at all large Conservative majority, the difficulties with the Radical-Unionists will begin in carnest. The more serious side of the present dispute is the weakness it shows on Mr. Balfour's part. A stronger man would have given the Conservatives better "sport" this session, and would also have been more of a check upon Mr. Chamberlain. The latter is a born diplomatist and intriguer, and is not above taking occasionally a rather doubtful advantage. In this way, the Conservative leader's gentleness and good temper are a cause of weakness. How infinitely valuable on wider grounds, I need not say.

Telegram from Russia.

Send to anitchhoff Palace St Peteroburg immediately one dozen cllariani Wine for A I ell Empress of Aussia

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of 50 bottles Mariani Wine, states that H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

Mariani Wine fortifies, nourishes, and stimulates the Body and Brain, It quickly restores Health and Strength in cases of INFLUENZA.

Bottles. 4s.; dozen, 45s., of Chemists and Stores, or carriage paid from Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford Street, London.

Extract from COURT JOURNAL, January 12, 1895.

"The producers of 'Mariani Wine' should, according to report, soon have a splendid market in Russia for their nerve and brain tonic, as the Dowager Empress has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk it since the death of her Consort with the most remarkable and beneficial results. It seems that Her Majesty is one of the many delicate persons with whom stimulating drugs like quinine,

iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well-known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brains and nerves from it during her last great trials. Moreover, in consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of the Russian aristocracy suffering from 'nerves.'"

Throat and Lungs.

Under the above head come such dangerous forms of illness as Bronchitis and Consumption. Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Weak Lungs are milder forms of the ailments of Throat and Lungs, but they come in the same category.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, possesses soothing and curative properties not found in any other remedy for Throat and Lung complaints. It strengthens the system, supplies new lung tissue, soothes the throat, relieves inflammation and effects most remarkable cures. It has stood the test of twenty years

and is more popular than ever, because it cures.

Remember that Scott's Emulsion contains no harmful drugs. It is not a secret compound. It is sweet to the taste, easy on the most delicate stomach, and much more effective than plain Oil. The only genuine Scott's Emulsion bears our trade-mark on salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse substitutes!

Send for our book about "Points." FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, (Ltd.), London.

All Chemists, 2/6 and 4/6.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S Cloudy Household AN

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes. Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

> Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing. Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

> > Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., 32b Southwark Street, London, S.E. MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

MADAME FAREY,

231, REGENT STREET.

Smart Hats and Bonnets, 21/. Smart Aigrettes for the Hair, 2/9

Have YOU Tried

the great SKIN CURE?

Its cures of torturing, disfiguring humours are the most wonderful ever recorded.

Sold throughout the world. Price, Cuticura, 2s. 3d.; Soap, 1s.; Resouvent, 2s. 3d. F. Newself & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., Newgate-st., London, E. C. "All about the Skin," post-free.



Ladies Travelling Ladies Travelling

At Home

THE

SKIN

VELVET.

LIKE

Save Washing Save Washing HYGIENIC

In 6d. Packets, ½ doz. 1/-, 1/4, and 2/- per doz. Special make for hese after acconcinement, 2s. per dox.

Special make for hese after acconcinement, 2s. per dox.

Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfilling Establishments,

Drapers, also from the Army and Namy and Civil Service

Stores, and Chemists. Packets of one dozen at 1/3, 1/7,

and 2/3, Post Free. Samples Post Free on application.

Mention "Sketch." Address: "The Managores," The

Santaray Wood. Wool. Co., Ltd., 26, Thavies Inn,

Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

INSIST ON HAVING "HARTMANNIS."

Cowland's

A non-gritty Tooth - Powder. Whitens the Teeth, prevents deeay, and gives delightful fragrance to the Breath. 2s. 9d. per box.
Sold by any Chemist or Hairdresser. Can be sent by post for 3d. above these prices to A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

The Medical Profession for over Fifty Years have approved of this pure solution as the best remedy for

ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, GOUT, and HEADACHE, INDIGESTION,

and as the safest Aperient for Delicate Consti-tutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.



Sold throughout the World.

LOVELY HAIR

OR. HORN'S "A (ESMA" quickly restore the colour to grey, faded, or bleached nair. Does not stain the skin. 29 and the period the

5/- per bottle.

DR. HORN'S "GERMANIA HAIR
TONIE" for thin or falling hair.
Promotes luxuriant growth. Very
cleansing. Non-greasy 29 and 5/DR. HORN'S "HAIR SOLVENT."
A liquid for destroying superfluous
hair. Leaves no mark. Better than
Electrolysis. 2/9 and 5/- per bottle.

DR. HORN'S SKIN FOOD FOR THE roughness, irritation, and all blem-ishes of the skin. Price 2/9, 5/-, and 10/-. Of Chemists and Perfumers, or of the Sole Manufacturers.

CASSIE & CO., CHEMISTS.

Read Dr. Hern's Treatise, "THE HEMAN HAIR," post free, 6d. Hair 5ft. 2in. long



WHY WEAR CORSETS? SO INJURIOUS TO HEALTH!!!

The Corselet

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDES THE CORSET.

and gives, without compression, a nice elegant figure and good health, with perfect freedom of action to every lady.

It is also incomparable for

TENNIS, CYCLING, BOATING, GOLF, RIDING,

Domestic and Married Ladies. In ordering it is only necessary to give correct bust measurement. Quality AA A Blk., White, Blk.,

7.11 10/11 12/11 19/11 Or by post 3d. extra. Price 5/11 6/11
To be obtained from—

Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford St. John Barker & Co., Ltd., High St., Kenshugton.
Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., High St.,
Kenshugton.
Harvey Nichols & Co., Knightsbridge.
Wm. Owen, Westbourne Grove.
T. W. Thompson & Co., 164, 165, and
166, Totlenham Court Rond.

Head Dépôt: The "KHIVA," Limited, 42E, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

INVALUABLE FOR ALL LADIES IN EVENING DRESS, MAKING MAKES ARMS, NECK & HANDS WHITE, SMOOTH, SOFT, & FIRM.

"NEIGELINE" is now used by ROYALTY.

MADAME PATTI writes: "I have used the Neigeline, it is MOST EXCELLENT.
(Signed) "ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI."

ABSOLUTELY NON-POISONOUS.

BEAUTIFUL Sold Everywhere, or post free, 2/3, 3/9, and 6/41 per Bottle, from

EDWARD ASPINALL,

Gresse Street Works, Rathbone Place, London, W.

A CHARMING SCENT."

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

The Sweetest of Sweet Odours. Delightfully and delicately fragrant, Beware of Imitations.

ATKINSON'S is the only Genuine.

Perfume, Toilet-Powder, Soap, Tooth-Powder, Sachets, and all other specialties with this "charming" odour, of all Dealers throughout the world, and of the Manufacturers—

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond St., London.

SPRING FASHION ROOK.

POST FREE ON APPLICATION.



MANTLES: JACKETS, CAPES, LADIES' CAMBRIC SHIRTS. CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

. .

DEBENHAM

AND

FREEBODY,

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

"To breathe 'Sanitas' is to breathe health." GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

Sanitas Prevents and Cures BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA,

DIPHTHERIA, AND ALL

LUNG AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.

DIRECTION: INHALE AND FUMIGATE WITH "SANITAS OIL."

Pamphlets Free on application. THE SANITAS COMPANY, LIMITED, Bethnal Green, London, E.

Sanitas" Oil, 1s. Bottles; Pocket Inhalers, 1s. each Fumigators, 2s. 6d. each.

"Sanitas"-Eucalyptus Disinfectors, 1s. each "Sanites"-Fucalyptus Oil, 1s. Bottles.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

After the first night at the Garrick, of which I told you last week, I could not rest till I had become more intimately acquainted with that wonderful cloak of Mrs. George Alexander's, and was, in consequence, enabled to reveal its glories to you, in accordance with my promise. Fortunately, Fate and Mrs. Alexander were kind, and, when I had put



the case to the latter, she, with a magnanimity not often to be found in women—where dress is concerned—gave up her gorgeous cloak to my tender mercies without demur. If I could only, in return, do full justice in mere word-painting to its wonderful colouring, I should be satisfied; but I must just do the best I can to put it before your mental vision as it appeared to me. Imagine, then, if you please, a garment of rich, dullblack silk, the back held in to the figure at the waist by a deep band of black and metallic green jet, from which fell long, glittering fringes, while festoons of black-and-green beads shimmered in the gracefully draped scarves of mellow-tinted lace which covered the front. crowning beauty of this beautiful cloak was the wonderful Japanese embroidery in red and white, with which it was profusely adorned, the clusters of strange flowers—whose name and family I did not attempt to trace, being satisfied that they were good to look upon in embroidery, at any rate—being intermixed with vivid green foliage. This embroidery appeared on the deep, turned-down collar, on the cuffs of the huge sleeves, and on the stole-like fronts, while it also bordered the cloak, and gave to it a striking beauty which was absolutely unique, the effect being still further enhanced by sundry rosettes of red, white, and black satin, which were cunningly placed, one at each side of the neck and one on each sleeve, where the fulness was caught in above the cuff with a band of jet. Add to this a collar of sable and a lining of ermine, and you get some idea of the appearance of one of the most superb cloaks upon which I have feasted my eyes for many a long day. But my investigations did not end here, for Mrs. Alexander was public-spirited and gave up two more of her dress treasures for your benefit, I, needless to say, seizing upon the offer with avidity, for "the importance of being Mrs. Alexander" is considerable, for does not every woman take a more or less (and generally more) keen interest in everything and everybody connected with that popular actorymanager of ours. George Alexander? while in with that popular actor-manager of ours, George Alexander? while, in addition, Mrs. Alexander's name stands very high in the list of the most perfectly dressed women in London, so her clothes are veritable treasuretroves to the seekers after smart things.

This being so, let me go on to tell you of the evening-dress, which was in that most effective of fabrics, white silk striped with black. The full skirt was devoid of trimming, and so left one free to devote one's attention and admiration to the particularly clever arrangement of the stripes, but the bodice could not be dismissed so easily. It was of geranium-pink velvet, cut squarely, and bordered at the top with a band of creamy lace over white satin, the waist being encircled by a band of openwork jet passementerie, from which long sash-ends of black satin fell down the skirt at the back. The puffed sleeves were also of the velvet, and were crossed on the shoulders by a handkerchief drapery of the silk, which also formed the side-pieces of the bodice, these being continued into the quaintest aud most delightfully becoming little basques imaginable, while, as a finishing touch, three lovely old paste buttons scintillated in the front of the bodice. Nothing could have better suited Mrs. Alexander's dark, piquant prettiness; but, then, that is a remark which you feel inclined to apply to each and every costume in which she appears—it is probably due to the fact that she designs them herself. Then there was a visiting-dress, with which I fell desperately in love, velvet, in a wonderfully soft, beautiful shade of green, composing the skirt and the full sleeves, the bodice—which fitted like a sheath, and fastened in some mysterious manner not to be easily discovered—being entirely covered with lovely silken embroidery, in a floral design, carried out in a soft shade of green, toning off to greys and yellows, with glints of gold gleaming here and there, while in the centre of each flower shone a little amber stone. A point of openwork embroidery appeared on the cuffs, and the neck was finished with a soft collar and bow of yellowish old lace. To complete the costume, there was a velvet cape lined with sable, and with a deep roll-collar of the same costly fur, and a three-cornered hat with a crown of yellow silk-bea



turned-up brim with paste buttons, while, for further trimming, there was a cluster of black-and-white ostrich-tips, and a white aigrette at the left side.

But in this day of blouses, the blouse-bodice, which I have also had sketched for you, is a most valuable acquisition, for it has some new features which should be carefully noted for future reference. It was in shot-glace silk in an indescribable shade of golden-brown tinged here and there in certain lights with red, and patterned with a chine design of

pale-hued blue, yellow, and red flowers, the whole blending together in most perfect fashion, and producing a beautiful effect. Round the waist was a band of red satin ribbon, tied at the back in a square bow, with wide outstanding ends, the touch of bright colour being repeated in the silk herringboning, a double line of which outlined the loose box-pleat in the front and finished the cuffs. The sleeves, by the way, were quite original and wonderfully pretty, as you can see, the full puff at the top being continued into a broad band, which was carried down into a point at the wrist, and there caught into a tiny cuff, a puffing of the silk



being drawn out between the band at elbow and wrist in a very novel There was a glittering cut-steel buckle at the waist and two steel buttons on the sleeve-bands; and worn, as it was, with a black velvet skirt and a black velvet hat, trimmed with many gracefully curving plumes, this blouse came as near to perfection as anything ever could in this world. And this-for I must tear myself away from Mrs. Alexander's gowns sooner or later, or I shall be leading you with myself into the breaking of the Tenth Commandment—brings me to the all-important question of the blouse, which will soon demand our attention, for it has reached the zenith of its fame, and, from being the garb of sweet simplicity, fashioned of prints and muslins and the like, has attained the dignity of silks and satins and the place of honour among Dame Fashion's favourites. The blouse of the present day is a garment upon which the expenditure of a considerable amount of thought—and is necessary, and, though the box-pleat reigns pre-eminent, we can disguise and adorn it by the addition of ruffled edgings of lace or quillings of ribbon, stud it with many buttons, or place smart little bows upon it; but for the present, at any rate the box-pleat, in some form or other, must be there. One such blouse-bodice which I saw, the other day, had its origin in Paris, and rejoiced in three box-pleats on the slightly overhanging front, the centre one somewhat wider than those at the side, and studded with a single row of small steel buttons, placed somewhat wide apart, the side pleats having two closely set rows of smaller buttons. The plain collar was fastened at the left side with a single button, and still more buttons appeared on the deep cuffs of the great puffed sleeves. The material of this pretty thing was turquoiseblue silk, and round the waist was a band of satin in a somewhat deeper shade, tying at the back in a pointed bow. More striking, because more original, was a blouse of cigar-brown silk, the fulness held in at the waist by a leather belt, fastened with an old silver buckle. The collar and square yoke were of white satin, the latter bordered with square revers, which formed two points in the front, and beneath which fell two revers of crépon. The puffed sleeves had cuffs of white satin, and I think that, had you been able to see this blouse, it would have met with your approval. Most certainly would a third one, which had great bishop's sleeves of red silk and a bodice of plaid silk in white, red, and black, the vest, of white satin, being adorned with two rosettes of black satin with a jet button in the centre. The bow on the black satin collar was, as a welcome change, placed in front, and the narrow satin waistband was guiltless of any such adornment. So you see there is plenty of scope for our fancy in these up-to-date blouses; but, if they are to be successful, there is one point which must have our most careful attention, and we must see to it that there is no unsightly gap between the waist-bands of our blouses and our skirts, for the woman who makes such an exhibition has effectually ruined the appearance of the smartest costume. Fortunately for us, there are, nowadays, very few troubles of this kind which have not been met by some inventive genius, and certainly the man—or surely it was a woman?—who thought out and produced the "Leopold" Skirt Grip deserves the lasting gratitude of every woman who wore, wears, or ever will wear, a blouse or shirt. It is a delightfully simple little appliance, and its efficacy becomes doubly attractive, as no trouble is involved by its use. It is made all in one piece, and there are no troublesome hooks-and-eyes to catch in every place where they are not wanted, and never, by any chance, where they are required; and, when it is attached to the inside of the blouse or shirt-band; it can be fastened in a second to the band of the skirt, which is held in a veritable grip, strong enough to make you feel pleasantly confident that under no untoward circumstances will these two bands be put asunder. When I tell you that in about four months of last year no less than seven millions of these skirt-grips were sold, and that their fame had even reached the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia, who promptly ordered a supply, I think you will realise that you should provide yourselves with two or three without any delay. The modest sum of threepence each is the price of the "Leopold" skirt-grips, and you will find it difficult to discover any draper throughout the kingdom who is not provided with a stock.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DIAMOND.

The most famous diamond at the present moment is not the Agra diamond, with its long and bewildering "pedigree," but a much bigger and finer stone, though with no pedigree at all to boast of, which the President of the Transvaal has sent as a humble offering to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. This monster gem must be by far the largest in the world, for it is valued at 5,000,000 piastres, and weighs 971 carats. Our Queen's Koh-i-Noor weighs only 106 carats. The Transvaal diamond was found in the mines of Jagersfontein by a Hottentot chief, who got only 800 piastres and a horse for his find. The stone is of a pale milky-white tint, and its only flaw cannot be detected without the aid of a microscope. It is probable that the Pope will have the jewel set in the Pontifical tiara.

In spite, however, of handsome gifts like this, and of still more substantial offerings in the shape of hard cash brought by thousands of pilgrims and others—a particularly wealthy deputation of Austrian Catholics is expected in September next—the finances of the Vatican do not seem quite so flourishing as might be wished, and ominous reductions are being talked of. The latest proposal is to cut down the present yearly allowance of the Cardinals residing in Rome from £1000 to £600 per annum, and it is thought that considerations of economy may weigh with his Holiness, and induce him to sanction the step.

POLO IN THE PUNJAB.

Polo is popular in the Punjab. The Frontier Force, consisting of twelve regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and three or four batteries of artillery, annually offers a trophy which has been made by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company. The first tournament was held last spring, at Dera-Ismail-Khan, and the winning team was the Queen's Own Corps



of Guides, one of the strongest teams of the year in India. A plate on the pedestal records the names of the winning team, these being Captain G. J. Younghusband (back), Captain G. B. Hodson (No. 3), Lieutenant F. N. Davies (No. 2), and Captain R. G. Egerton (No. 1).

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the United States at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in Australasia, by Messrs Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



New Spring Silks

PATTERNS FREE

BROCADED SILKS,

Exclusive Designs, rich colourings for Court and Dinner Wear, 8/11 to 16/9 per yard.

NEW CHINE AND EMBROIDERED GLACE SILKS.

For Young Ladies' Wear and for Blouses, 2/11 to 7/6 per yard.

RICH POULT DE SOIE

In all latest shades; also Glacé, 5/6 to 7/6 per yard.

BENGALINE SILKS

in New Colourings, Guaranteed Makes, 2/111 and 4/9 per yard.

BENGALINE POINTILLE

in all Art Shades, for Young Ladies' Wear and for Blouses, 2/111 per yard.

SPECIAL MAKES IN BLACK SILKS,

Fancy and Plain, Wear Guaranteed, all Prices.

ROBINSON. OXFORD STREET.

From the "Draper's Record," July 16, 1894 "From an authentic source I SEVEN MILLIONS of the Leopold Grip have been





THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT CRIP

Grip made in one piece without any troublesome Hook and Eyes, and the only one that attaches itself to the skirt. Of all Drapers throughout the Kingdom.

Patentee and Inventor, L. MARKS, London Road, LEIGESTER.



Once Toilet "Loanoline",..... 6 & 1/. tried. "Loanoline" Soap, 6. & V. always "1 ganoline" Pomade .. 1/6. used." & Cold Cream

I nothing is better hould be used in every household as I for the complexion.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

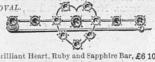


The Cases are 18-carat Gold, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass. Richly Engraved all over, or plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE, £10; or in SILVER CASES, £5.

J. W. BENSON Manufactures and Supplies Jewellery of the Highest Quality at Wholesale City Prices, saving the public all intermediate profits.









W. BENSON, H.M. THE QUEEN'S JEWELLER.
Only Warrant Holder in City of London. Steam Factory: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL,
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. Estd. 1749.

EDWARDS WORLD-RENOWNED HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER IS THE BEST DRESSING. Specially prepared and perfumed for Toilet Use.
"HARLENE" produces Luxuriant Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey.
Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the
Beard and Moustache.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS.



For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair beautifully soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also f. r

RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR. It is without a Rival.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredient.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (Triple 2s. 6d. Size) 4s. 9d. per-Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE," 95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

In Pint Packets, 4d. each.

12 FLAVOURS. (Patented.) Refuse all Substitutes.

JOHN MOIR & SON, Ltd., M'frs., LONDON, ABERDEEN, and SEVILLE.

THE HONEY OF WISDOM!!!

We gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?



"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul—I would answer, with Lassues, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'" LORD LYTTON.

From the late Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

"Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'FRUIT SALT,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the Faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaint that I think you may well extend its use, both for your own interest and pro bono publico. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and invigorating drink.

"To J. C. Eno, Esq."

"J. W. NEIL.

INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS, SCARLET FEVER, PYÆMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GANGRENE, and almost every mentionable Disease.—"I have been a nurse for upwards of ten years, and in that time have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyæmia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be ever-estimated.—A Professional Nurse. April 21, 1894."

The value of ENO'S. "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.





FAMOUS WATCHES.

PURCHASE
FROM THE
MANUFACTURERS.
AT A SAVING
OF
25 to 50
PER CENT.

"Admirably adapted for rough wear abroad."

FAMOUS WATCHES.

London Office and Show-Room: 15, Queen Victoria Street, E.C,

Cheques and P.O. Orders to be made payable to the Company's Manager MR. A. PERCY, BIRMINGHAM.

LADIES' SILVER KEYLESS DEMI-HUNTER, handsomely engraved and enamelled, a perfect timekeeper, £2 10s. Ditto, ditto, in 18-carat Gold, £6 10s.

25s. 25s.

"The cheapest thoroughly reliable Silver Watch ever made."

GENTS'
SILVER
WATCH,
finely finished

finely finished movement, crystal glass, timekeeping qualities, guaranteed, 25s.

LADIES' Ditto, ditto, 25s.

ALL MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF GOODS ARE NOT APPROVED OF.



THE CASE OF MRS. EBBSMITH.

Not for a long time has there been such a difference of opinion on a play as on "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." A glance at the following extracts is a striking commentary on how doctors differ.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Unquestionably the masterpiece, as yet, of Arthur Wing Pinero. The play that resulted in so splendid a success for Mr. John Hare is, to our thinking, head and shoulders above "Mrs. Tanqueray" in analysis, in excellence of dialogue, in profundity of thought, and in rare chances for always clever, sometimes extraordinary, acting. Let not playgoers be frightened at the new play because it will be called a tragedy; and so it is—a tragedy of human life, a tragedy in which two wrecked souls are concerned. Not a tragedy of daggers and bowls and red fire and feathers and flummery, but a tragedy that lays bare with pitiless severity the heart of a woman—mistaken perhaps, inconsistent perchance, misguided, sometimes unnatural, often inconsequent; the tragedy of a man, weak, egotistical, vain, passionate, loving, tender, and shipwrecked, but, on the whole, a man far more natural, as it seems to us, than his companion in misery, dejection, and despair. . . . "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" is not the kind of play to be taken in a hurried gulp on a chance day after dinner. It has to be seen repeatedly, and to be commended to the critical attention of all who value a novel and striking modern tragedy. . . We repeat again, it is a tragedy, and a very fine one—a tragedy that brings out in authorship and acting the very best that we have got in English art.—Daily Telegraph.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

The new play is in all essentials a great advance on "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Those critics who take the opposite view are in reality hankering after the more commonplace and melodramatic elements in the earlier play. In it we had character precipitated by external coincidence; here we have character working itself out entirely from within. Moreover, Mr. Pinero has here chosen a much more vital theme. . . He goes straight for the universally relevant theme of marriage in general, and draws three characters in place of one. . . The design of the play, then, is above reproach. It is technically by far the strongest thing our modern stage has to show. An expository character or two might perhaps be dispensed with, and an over-nicety of explanation as to the comings and goings of the personages might possibly have been avoided; but these are the veriest trivialities. . . Lucas Cleeve is admirable—the man of facile enthusiasms and discouragements, "possessing ambition without patience, self-esteem without self-confidence"—but Agnes Ebbsmith, however vividly and ably projected, can scarcely pass muster as a well-observed type. . . The Bible incident, I take it, at the end of the third act, symbolises his "view" that no woman is strong enough to go through life without some supernatural refuge to fly to in time of need; so that, even if she thinks she has cast her "hope and faith" into the fire, she will presently pluck them out again, though she cear her flesh in the attempt. Well, there are instances that favour that view, and I think there are instances against it. . . For the rest, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" seems to me the work of a born and highly accomplished dramatist who goes right essentially and by instinct, and wrong superficially, for lack of special knowledge.—World.

MR. A. B. WALKLEY. MR. A. B. WALKLEY.

MR. A. B. WALKLEY.

General impression of the play (I speak for myself, of course): vague irritation. It promises to be a study of inner mental and moral forces—the struggle of a woman's spiritual ideals with woman's love after the "common, helpless manner" of her sex—but this is soon complicated by a merely external intrigue, the intrigue of what I may call the Duke's party. And, even at the outset, the woman's inner struggle is robbed of half its legitimate interest by the fact that the man is made so miserable a weakling. The Bible episode, I confess, annoys me: it strikes me as rather "cheap." All the same, there are many thoughtful, subtle, and stimulating things in the play.—Star.

[It] is not a great play. . . . At most, all that is demonstrated is that an ill-assorted pair are no more likely to make a success of an irregular than of a regular union.—Speaker.

MR G. BERNARD-SHAW.

MR G. BERNARD-SHAW.

The play is bad. If Mr. Pinero had created for us a woman whose childhood had been made miserable by the gloomy terrorism which vulgar, fanatical parents extract from the Bible, then he might fitly have given some of the public a very wholesome lesson by making the woman thrust the Bible into the stove and leave it there. Many of the most devoted clergymen of the Church of England would, I can assure him, have publicly thanked him for such a lesson. But to introduce a woman as to whom we are carefully assured that she was educated as a secularist, and whose one misfortune—her unhappy marriage—can hardly by any stretch of casuistry be laid to the charge of St. Paul's teaching; to make this woman senselessly say that all her misfortunes are due to the Bible; to make her throw it into the stove, and then injure herself horribly in pulling it out again: this, I submit, is a piece of claptrap so gross that it absolves me from all obligation to treat Mr. Pinero's art as anything higher than the barest art of theatrical sensation. . . I must confess that I have no criticism for all this stuff. . . A great deal of the performance is extremely tedious. The first twenty minutes, with its intolerable, unnecessary, and unintelligible explanations about the relationships of the characters, should be ruthlessly cut out. Half the stage business is only Mr. Pinero's old "character actor" nonsense; and much of the other half might be executed in the dialogue, and not between the sentences.—

MR. J. F. NISBET.

MR. J. F. NISBET.

Had not "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" led the way, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" would probably never have been written. The subject of the second play is less obvious, less daring, less dramatic than that of the first. Yet it travels along the same plane of morality, harasses the spectator with the same painful emotions, and finally enforces the same moral, which is that the conventions of society with regard to the marriage tie are not lightly to be set at defiance. . . . [The Bible incident] is, perhaps, the finest scene that Mr. Pinero has yet given us, and it is none the less so for being symbolical of the dénouement which he has in view.—Times.

MR. MOY THOMAS.

After due allowance is made for defects which were, perhaps, inseparable from the treatment of such a subject. Mr. Pinero's play is, in some respects, a really great work, full of wit and lively observation, and capable of moving in a strange degree the innermost sympathies of the spectator.—Daily News.

MR. MALCOLM WATSON.

The play suffers both from indecision of character and uncertainty of action. It is as if the author hesitated all along about committing himself, and his characters, to any definite opinions. The audience is never quite clear, not even at the end of the piece, as to what is the conclusion intended to be drawn.

Mr. Pinero's interesting, if rather enigmatical and unconvincing drama...

St. James's Gazette.

THE NEW CENSOR.

Mr. G. Bernard-Shaw has been telling an interviewer that he claims to have been the person who pointed out that the man selected as Examiner of Plays must inevitably be a nobody. The Sketch claims to have been the first paper to tell in any detail that Mr. Redford was somebody. This week we are able to give a few more facts about him. His father, Mr. G. A. Redford, who was for many years art critic of the Daily News,

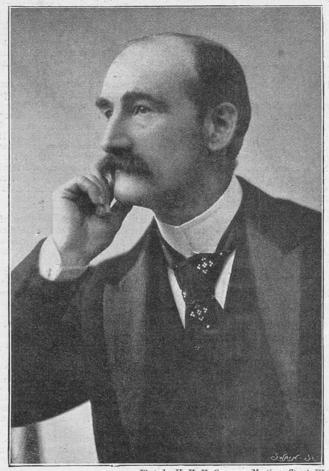


Photo by H. H. H. Cameron, Mortimer Street, W. MR. G. A. REDFORD.

and subsequently furnished reports of art sales to the Times, is the author of "Art Sales, 1628-1887," and several smaller books and pamphlets on art topics. His brother is Mr. Robert Redford, who was manager of the unfortunate Royal Opera House, and has for many years looked after Mr. Carte's interest in the provinces.

BISMARCK'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Bismarck's eightieth birthday, on Monday, promises to be more notable than any of its predecessors. The first telegraphic congratulation which the Prince has received is from a small village in Würtemberg, and has an interesting history. On April 1, 1885, seven septuagenarians congratulated the Prince on his seventieth birthday. Prince Bismarck, in his reply, said, "Repeat your congratulations when we eight celebrate our eightieth birthdays." Four of the seven are still living, and have sent their congratulations as agreed. Prince Bismarck answered by telegraph, "I thank you heartily for your ten years' perseverance, but I have not the courage to bind myself for another ten years. A birthday post-card has already been issued. It is sold for a penny, and the profits are to be devoted to the building of an orphanage. the profits are to be devoted to the building of an orphanage.



NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

" All is not Gold that Glitters."

Dear Sm.—

Capel Court, March 23, 1895.

The adjourned Bank meeting on Tuesday last brought up again the unpleasant affair of Mr. Adrian Hope's account, and ended in a savage attack upon that unfortunate victim of the late chief cashier's financial methods, by Mr. Cosmo Bonsor. Mr. Hope was despoiled by the trusted officer of the Bank, and, to satisfy the world that the directors had acted like angels, a letter was squeezed out of him saying he was satisfied with the treatment he had received. This letter Mr. Hope, upon fuller consideration, wishes to withdraw, and for this unpardonable sin he is said by Mr. Cosmo Bonsor to be unfit for decent society, and accused of conniving at perjury and half-a-dozen other equally pleasant things. The whole City was astonished at the violence of the attack, and we imagine that Shylock in all his glory would probably have felt some qualms at dealing with his victims as harshly as the Bankers of the British Government have done in the case of Mr. Adrian Hope or the South-American and Mexican Company.

There is, however, behind the mere personal matter, this very remarkable fact, that the Bank directors would come to no settlement with Mr. Hope, unless he, at the same time, settled an entirely independent dispute which he had with his brokers, one of the partners being the son of the late chief cashier, Mr. May. Under the stress of necessity, Mr. Hope was obliged to obey. Why was the Bank so anxious to save Messrs. Coleman and May, and why did it use its power—the power of a money-lender—to prevent the accounts between the brokers and their client being settled before a special jury and in the light of day? Was it because the Bank directors had such a tender regard for Mr. May that they wished to save his son, or was it that the trial would have been such un exposure of the way things had been managed in Threadneedle Street that the Legislature would probably have interfered? We think the public and the Press are not unreasonable in wishing this mystery cleared up.

There has

International stocks have moved irregularly, but the declines have exceeded the improvements. It is said that many French holders have sold to provide the money for their South African purchases. We see no reason to change our opinions as to the various securities we have from time to time recommended to

money for their South African purchases. We see no reason to change our opinions as to the various securities we have from time to time recommended to your notice.

One of the most hopeful signs has been the improved tone of the American Railway department. The Atchison reorganisation has been well received, the traffics are improving, and there is a general belief at last that we have passed the worst, if only the rise which has set in is not too rapid. "A settlement of the Anthractic Coal business is expected, and would lead to a still better feeling. Yankee Rails have been quite neglected by the public for months, but if any continuous reaction set in, from what we have seen this week, we believe the speculator would soon come in again.

At last the shareholders of the Grand Trunk have roused themselves to action, and propose to make a clean sweep of the Tyler-Hamilton combination, which has for so long misruled their property. The committee is a strong one, despite a weak spot or two; and if the shareholders only act as reasonable mem—a great deal to expect of shareholders, by-the-bye—it is possible the affair may be snatched out of the jaws of death—no! rain, we mean. As, however, not much can be done before the August meeting, we fully expect that the board, if they find they are likely to be in a minority, will arrange a little receivership, or take unto themselves some of the least objectionable (from their point of view) members of the committee. Until we see reform in the Grand Trunk actually carried by a vote of the proprietors, we shall not believe in it. The debentures may be below their true value, but we doubt it; and, at any rate, so long as the line is managed by the present board, we can see no inducement to buy any of its stocks.

The Canadian Pacific market is very unsettled, and everybody is waiting for the approaching meeting, to hear what the directors have to say. A very reliable man, who has just been over the line, tells us that heavy capital expenditure on maintenance is absolutely ne

perhaps this explains the frantic efforts to find buyers which, not long ago, several outside touts were making. The losses have been exceptional, and will probably not occur again. The Liverpool drapery business of which we wrote you some three weeks ago, dear Sir, is, of course, Messrs. Frisby, Dyke, and Co., of which the prospectus is now going round for underwriting purposes. We notice that the auditors' certificate gives the average profit for the last fourteen years, which looks too much like ancient history, but perhaps, before the public issue, there may be added some account of what the last three years show in detail. The board is reasonably strong and the capital £61,000, but it is to Liverpool that the promoters must look for public subscriptions, and a market afterwards.

An enormous business has been done in Mining shares during the week.

Liverpool that the promoters must look for public subscriptions, and a market afterwards.

An enormous business has been done in Mining shares during the week, but the quotations have been irregular by reason of the profit-taking which goes on from day to day. We are sorry that in realising your Knights, dear Sir, we seem to have been a little "too previous," but it is quite impossible to always get clients out on the very top of the wave, and, as you take a profit of about £2 15s. a share since we first recommended them, we trust you will be satisfied. New Clewer Estate seem to us at a reasonable price, and, unless there is a break in the whole market, should go higher, but, in view of the coming Paris settlement, it may be prudent not to deal for a few days. Champ d'Or Deep and Paari Central should, we think, be realised, while for a speculation we hear very encouraging accounts of Graskops, and out of your profits you might do worse than risk a little by a purchase. The shares of the London and Paris Mining and Finance Corporation are likely to go better, for there can be no doubt the company is doing a very large business.

By degrees the West Australian Mining Market is attracting more attention, and, were it not that we know half the mines floated here will cause great disappointment, we should recommend speculation in the really good shares. As it is, we expect Londonderrys will show considerable activity, and some extraordinary returns within a few weeks; and South Londonderry, 18s. paid at about 5s., are the sort of thing which many people who like a cheap share might do worse than buy, only, dear Sir, be sure to take a reasonable profit and not hold too, long.

The Central Exploration Company went, we hear, very badly, and the under-

worse than buy, only, dear Sir, be sure to take a reasonable profit and not hold too long.

The Central Exploration Company went, we hear, very badly, and the underwriters are said to have been obliged to take between 75 and 80 per cent., which quite accounts for the present price of the shares. We think a purchase might probably lead to a profit, for the company is likely to dispose of some of its property, at a satisfactory price, almost at once. We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Simon Esq.

S. Simon, Esq.

Lewis and Burrows' Drug Stores, Limited, is offering 25,000 six per cent. preference shares and 31,900 ordinary shares of £1 each. The concern is formed to take over several cheap drug stores in various parts of London. The profits are certified to have been £7552 last year, and the directors, with splendid optimism, expect they will be largely increased under the operation of the Joint Stock Companies' Acts. Our experience points the other way, and we should let the company alone, for there is likely to be a very restricted market for the shares, and it will be far easier to get in than get out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. Brothers (N.Z.).—We are unable to forward your letters, because we make it a rule to destroy all correspondence as soon as answered, and are utterly unable, therefore, to find the people for whom your favours were intended. We have destroyed the letters unopened.

Lancarme.—Our opinion is that all these investments are reasonable industrial risks, subject to the fluctuations of trade in the last two cases, and to whether sufficient has been put away for renewal in the first case.

A. J. S. B.—We do not recommend the speculation. There are grave questions as to the reserve, the renewal of bridges, and such-like, and the market is very unsettled. The stock might rise five points any day, or drop the same amount; possibly, encouraging statements will be made at the meeting, and for a "short turn" it is probable you might make a profit. As to a dividend next August, we see no prospect of it.

J. C.—Thank you for the enclosure. We hope you have got our private letter.

A. G. G.—We know nothing of this company, although we know the Aluminium Company without any "British" in front of it. Many correspondents have asked the same question, as you will see by looking over back numbers for the last three or four months. We should sell.

R. C. B.—The report of the Iron and Engine Works you send us is about as hopeless a document as we ever read; and the more one examines the balance-sheet, the worse it looks. To give a detailed criticism would be like breaking a fly on a wheel, nor have we space in this column, but we will do it in a private letter if you wish. Unless things take a turn, liquidation seems the only end. We know nothing of the shares on the London market, so cannot give you any quotation.

G. F. M. J.—Thank you for enclosure. We hope you have received

letter if you wish. Unless things take a turn, liquidation seems the only end. We know nothing of the shares on the London market, so cannot give you any quotation.

G. F. M. J.—Thank you for enclosure. We hope you have received our reply.

W. H. J.—There is nothing known against the concern you name, but why on earth you should select such an office we cannot conceive! You had far better insure in the Scottish Widows' Fund, 28, Cornhill, or, if you are adventurous, in the Equitable of the United States, 81, Cheapside.

R. S.—We cannot return you the papers you sent us until you send us your name, for we have mislaid your letter. We do not like the concern or its baby. As to the shares 4s. 8d. paid and offered at 2s., it seems to us that the whole arrangement is quite illegal, and everybody who takes the shares would be liable to pay up the odd 2s. 8d. in the event of a liquidation. Get out if you can, and have nothing to do with the concern. Send us a post-card with your full name, and we will post the papers to you.

Chinaman.—We cannot really answer conundrums, and have no more idea of the weight of a tael in silver than you have. What broker would know such a thing? The exchange on Shanghai governs the amount in sterling that you will receive, and this you will find in your morning paper every day. At present it is about 2s. 10\frac{3}{4}d., instead of 3s.

Austral.—We think you will see a profit on your allotment, although, for the moment, you cannot send you a prospectus. The shares are quoted at about 28s., and we know the people connected with it expect extraordinary results from all the five properties belonging to the company.

R. T. Y.—(1) We should sell Consols and re-invest the money in first-class securities, such as waterworks preference stock or the best brewery debentures. (2) If you want a gamble, buy a few Graskops, but take a quick profit. (3) Londonderrys or Fingalls are perhaps the best West Australian shares for your purpose.

Disappointed.—There is no need to be alarmed about Nitrate Rai

purpose.
DISAPPOINTED.-DISAPPOINTED.—There is no need to be alarmed about Nitrate Rails and the talked-of competition. As high interest is a necessity to you, you may hold on without undue risk.

Western and O. H.—See answer to "A. J. S. B." and our Notes.